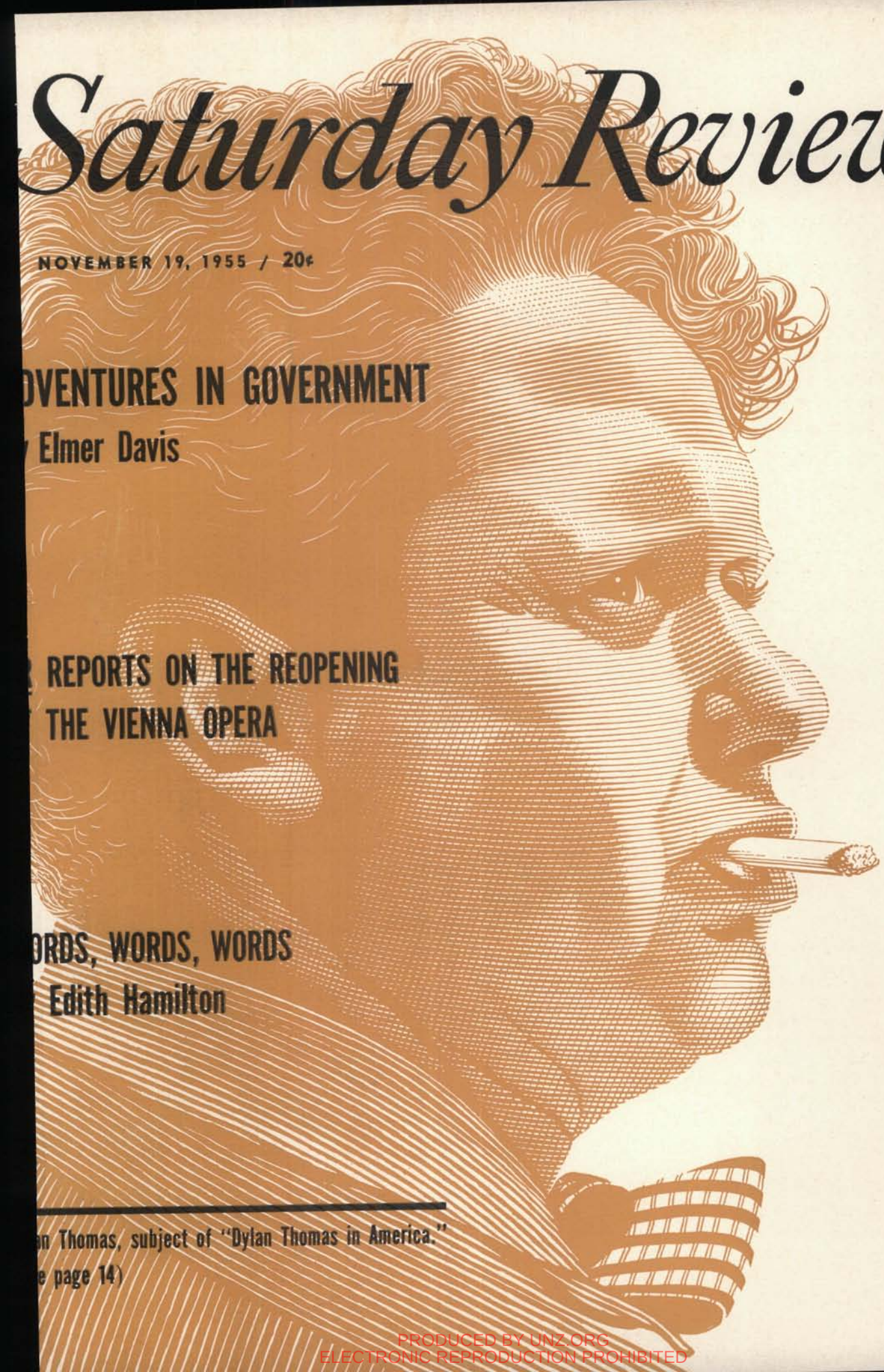
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 19, 1955 / 20¢



DVENTURES IN GOVERNMENT
Elmer Davis

REPORTS ON THE REOPENING
THE VIENNA OPERA

ORDS, WORDS, WORDS
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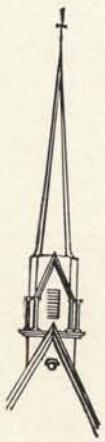

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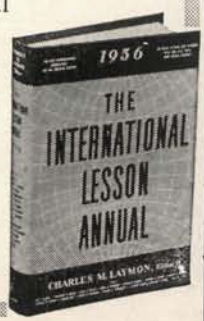

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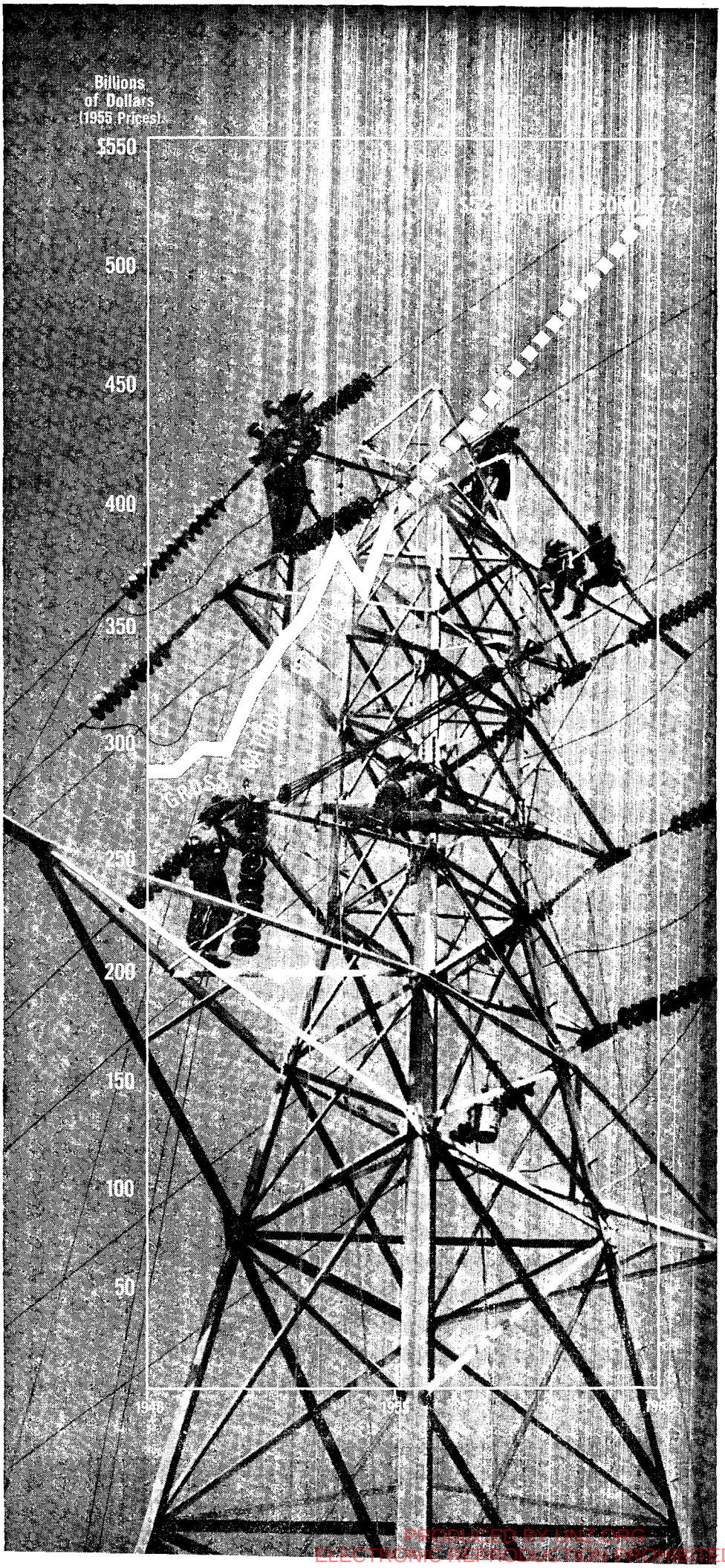

WILL ECONOMIC GROWTH CONT

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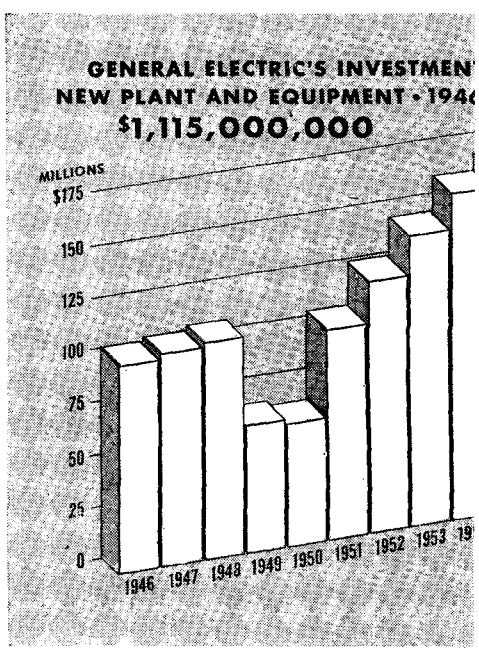
By 1965, there will be 192 million Ame cans—27 million more than there are day. Forecasts indicate they will dema 40% more goods and services than t country will produce in 1955, and expect them to want twice as many el trical products.

These prospects are encouraging for t nation, but they are challenging, too: the is nothing automatic about prosperity. T $525 billion economy possible in 1965 w be reached only if there continues to bold, long-range planning and preparati In our opinion, American businesses, lar and small, have the judgment and init tive needed to meet the challenge.

General Electric, for example, has vested more than $1 billion in plants a equipment since World War II—$165 m lion in 1955 alone. On these pages are so of the steps we are taking to help provi the products, the jobs, and the standa of living hoped for in the next few yea



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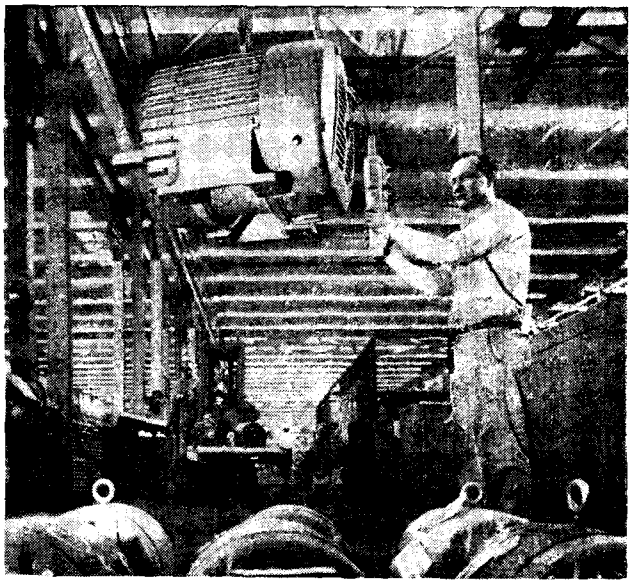
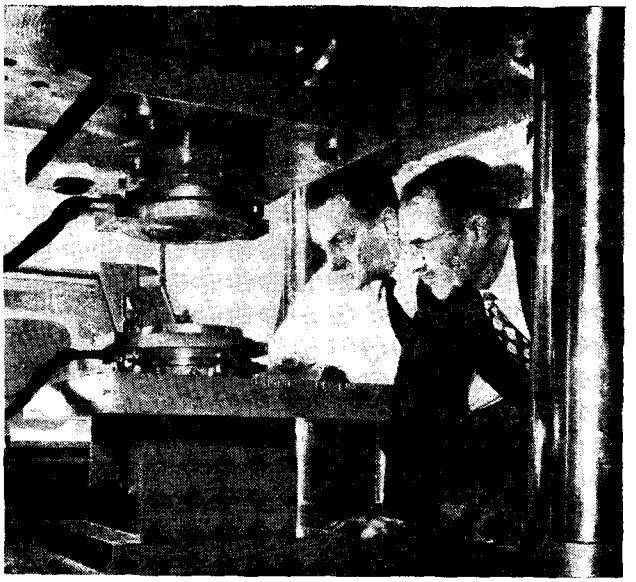
ıs a billion-dollar belief in U.S. progress

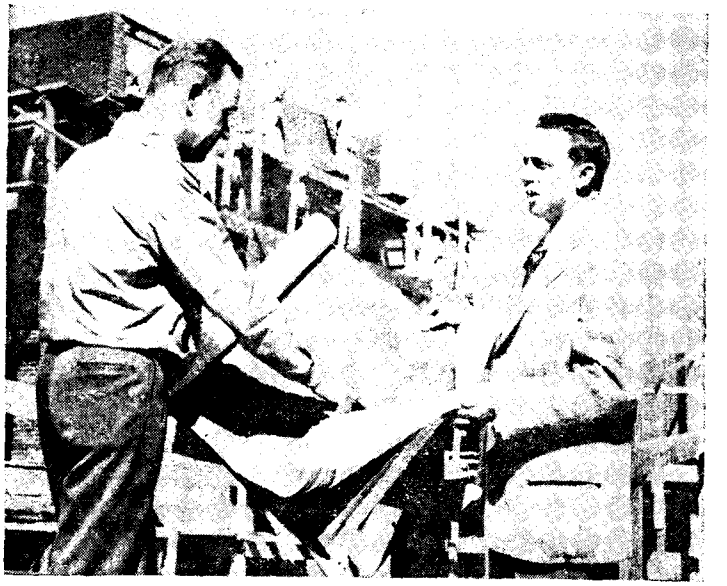


ɔlants have been improved. In locations where General : has had plants for many years—such as Lynn and Pittsfield, Erie, Pa.; and Fort Wayne, Ind.—we have a continuing pro- : plant improvement. In Schenectady, N. Y., for example, we mpletely modernized a 4-acre electric motor factory (above) of an $80 million improvement plan for our plants in that city.

43 new plants have been added by General Electric since 1946, so that we now have manufacturing facilities in 105 cities in 28 states. This investment has resulted in new jobs and new payrolls to dozens of communities. In Anniston, Alabama, for instance, General Electric's new television-tube plant (above) created 2,000 jobs and brought to Anniston its first major industrial payroll since 1947.



laboratories have been opened. In today's technological earch creates new products and jobs. 70,000 General Electric :es today are working on products we didn't make 15 years ıe recent example: Man-made diamonds, produced by a n press in our Research Laboratory (above), will mean obs at General Electric's Carboloy Department in Detroit.



Manpower development programs have expanded. Each year, more than 25,000 employees take advantage of Company-conducted training programs. The most recent step taken to assure men of leadership is General Electric's Management Research and Development Institute. (Above, right, Marc A. de Ferranti of G.E.'s Manager Development Consulting Service reviews construction progress.)

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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(*Advertisement*)

I read with more than casual interest the recent *Newsweek* story of a raid by South African police on the home and office of Trevor Huddleston, the Anglican priest who is an outspoken foe of *apartheid,* that country's "merciless brand of racial segregation."

Father Huddleston is responsible for the publication of one of Doubleday's fall books. My colleague, Clement Alexandre, had suggested that Huddleston write a book for us. He was already committed to an English publisher, but he sent us a friend's manuscript.

The manuscript was a first novel called "Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom, a Johannesburg lawyer. It is another of the fine books that have come lately from that tortured and unhappy land, and it tells the story of the seemingly insignificant events that led to a race riot in a segregated dwelling place of the natives.

Writing in a lean and straightforward style, Bloom paints a convincing picture of the terrible effects of *apartheid* in action. But more than that, he has told a story that carries the reader on swiftly and irresistibly.

This is a book which can be recommended first as a good novel. But it is also a book which brings the novelist's insights into the human tragedies, of black and white alike, that lie behind the news stories from South Africa.

No one concerned about segregation anywhere in the world should fail to read "Episode in the Transvaal."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Episode in the Transvaal," by Harry Bloom ($3.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also the publishers of Robert Ruark's explosive novel about Africa, "Something of Value" ($5). Both books may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Connecticut.

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 19, 1955

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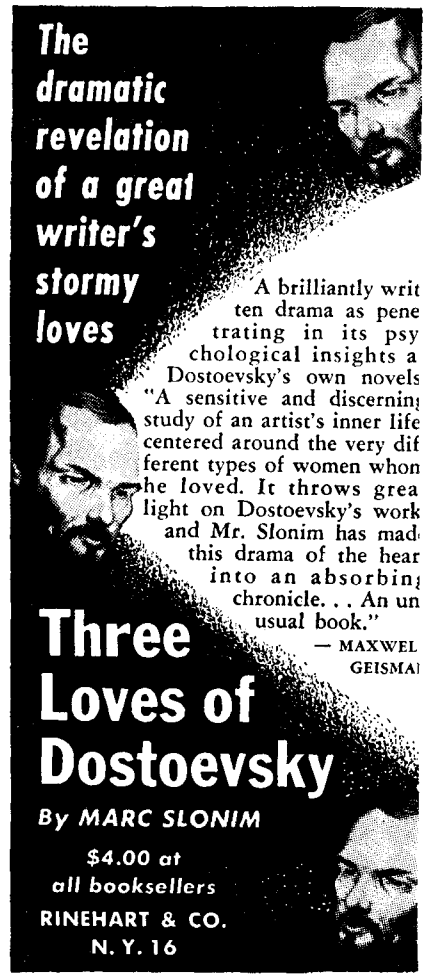
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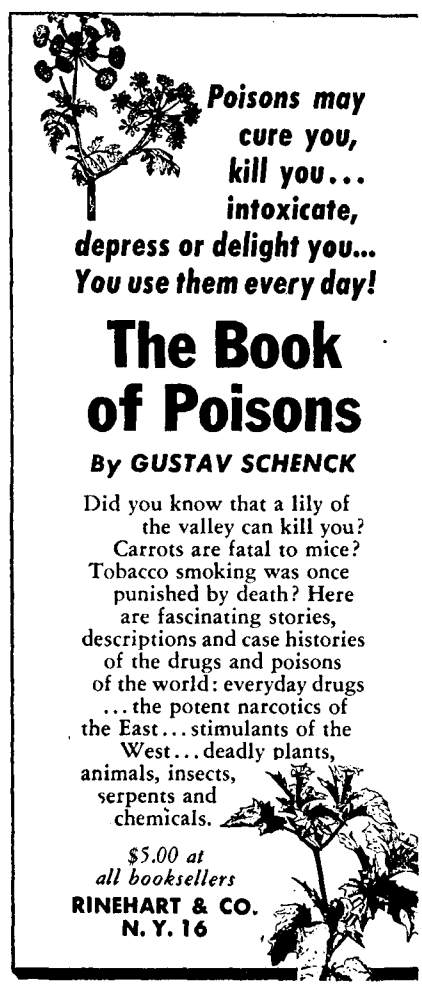
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N ADVERTISEMENT OF THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON

The story behind America's "silent bestseller" . . .

n 1949 Father Emmett—who had been one of America's leading Fran-scan priests, a crusader against pover-, race prejudice, slums and other social ils—left the Franciscan Order and the iesthood of the Roman Catholic urch. The wire services, *Time* maga-ne and other journals covered the ory thoroughly.

Later in the year the Beacon Press Boston received a letter. Emmett cLoughlin had read some Beacon ess books on church and state. Some-y he might tell his own story, he ote. "If you do," the Press replied, et us see it."

In 1952 the first draft of his manu-ipt arrived in Boston from Phoenix, izona. The manuscript was his first tempt at writing, but it told his story th such sincerity and directness that e editors could not let it go. For the xt two years, Emmett McLoughlin orked on the manuscript revising and writing it.

On April 7, 1954, *People's Padre* was published. It was received with ence. Eighteen months after publica-n, the files show that in New England d Middle Atlantic states only two wspaper reviews had appeared. These ere in the *Worcester Telegram* and e *Afro-American,* where Saunders edding reported that he had read eople's *Padre* "with unquiet but deep tisfaction." One New York paper, in roundup on books, referred to Mr. cLoughlin's book as "apt to be . . . ghly controversial." *The American brary Association Booklist* reported it as "an interesting document, but un-ceptable to Catholic readers," and the *brary Journal* said: "Libraries should y with caution." Caution proved to the watchword: one distinguished per more than a year ago asked the ted theologian Reinhold Niebuhr to view *People's Padre.* He prepared the view but the paper has not published Mr. Niebuhr "reprinted" his review in *ristianity and Society:* ". . . anyone ll find these autobiographical pages sorbing reading. Unless he is com-etely prejudiced he will have to agree at the autobiography is the self-por-iture of a very impressive person, ted beyond the ordinary mortal with e graces of courage and charity."

In a *Christianity and Crisis* editorial r. Niebuhr wrote: *"People's Padre* serves attention on two counts. It de-ves attention because of its intrinsic erits . . . The autobiography is re-arkable for many things, but chiefly

EMMETT MCLOUGHLIN:
the people's padre

because it gives us the picture of a great human being, and of an ex-priest whose spirit has not been maimed by his experiences. The second reason for commending the volume is that the journals of America have paid practically no attention to it. The publishers, The Beacon Press, state that it has been systematically ignored by newspapers. One wonders whether explicit Catholic pressure or merely fear of Catholic reprisals has made American publishers so craven. In any case, the incident illustrates one of the dangers to our democratic freedoms . . ."

Reviews of *People's Padre* during 1954-55 have appeared in two national magazines outside the religious field—*The Nation* and the *Psychiatric Quarterly Supplement.*

A few newspapers in the South reviewed the book during its first few months: in Austin, Texas; Durham, N. C.; Miami, Fla.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn.; and Washington, D.C. —for a total of 30 inches. In April, 1955, on the book's first anniversary, a brief review appeared also in St. Louis, Mo.

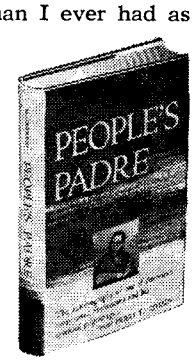
In the West, where Emmett McLoughlin was best known, there were a few reviews—from Carlsbad, N. M. ("There is no vindictiveness; neither rancor nor regret, but the open confession of a man who has found freedom for his spirit."); Phoenix, Ariz.; Glendale, Calif.; and Grand Junction, Colo. There were also two reviews in Wisconsin, one from a Catholic paper which called the book "offensive." The *Capital-Times* of Madison said: "A simply told, completely honest book. One regrets his superiors' unhappy lack of wisdom."

The religious press was more articulate. Reviews began to appear slowly, then built up until by Fall 1955 there had been reports on *People's Padre* in most of the denominational magazines. "Hardhitting and fascinating," said the *Chicago Theological Seminary Register.* "Interesting, stirring, warm," said *Adult Bible Studies* of the Evangelical United Brethren Church. "Truth is stronger than fiction," said the *Churchman.* "A truly great book," said the *Biblical Recorder.* "A 'must' on the reading list of Protestants. It should, but won't be, read by Catholics," said *The Christian Index.* "Protestants will find here much to make them think—about their own churches as well as about Roman Catholicism," said *The Christian Century.* "Warm, human, book," said *Presbyterian Life.* "A vital message for all religious men and women, whether Protestant or Catholic," said *The Christian Register.*

People's Padre has been reviewed to date in two Catholic journals: *Books on Trial* said: "A web of distortions, half truths and complete untruths . . . The padre rightly cries out against those Catholics, both of the clergy and the laity, who live far from truly Catholic lives. But, like Luther, he chose decapitation as the cure for the headache . . ." The Jesuit weekly *America,* in a review entitled, "Prodigal Still Wandering," said in part: "The sad story of Emmett McLoughlin's decline is not an heroic one and the attempt made in this book to glamorize it only renders it more pathetic."

Even though the reviews have been few, people have learned about *People's Padre.* The author, on a number of lecture tours, has spoken to packed halls. After the book was published Emmett McLoughlin began to receive a number of letters from those who had read his book, some of them irate and profane, some of them pleading for his return to the church, some saying, like the ex-priest in Massachusetts: "For years I have yearned for just such a courageous book as *People's Padre.*"

"Within the last two years," Mr. McLoughlin reports, "I have had more Catholics consulting me for advice, marital and otherwise, than I ever had as a priest."



The book that was received in silence has found its own way. Eighteen months after publication it has sold more than 50,000 copies. Current sales are averaging more than 1,000 copies a week.

PEOPLE'S PADRE

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TRADE Winds

THE MARBORO STORY

THIS IS THE story of a new star ascendant in the retail book business—a field not particularly overburdened with astronomical phenomena these days. The star is named Marboro, which in less than ten years has come to embrace an impressive mail-order business, a publishing unit, a chain of retail bookstores, a plant for producing original prints and art work, and—most recently—a book club designed to attract "serious" readers. Its guiding genius is a cultured, unassuming war veteran named Henry Exstein.

Exstein began operations in 1946 from his apartment in West Side New York with a modest catalogue featuring art books, prints, and publishers' overstock at reduced prices. Because the name of his apartment house was Marbury Hall he christened his new enterprise Marbury Books. His catalogue was already on press when his lawyer called to tell him "Marbury" was out: there was a real family by that name in town, socially prominent, too, who would have the law on its side if it cared to object. "Marbury" became "Marboro" in a twinkling of the catalogue printer's eye.

EXSTEIN WAS on solid territory when it came to modern art. This was the subject on which he had concentr in school and college. His taste reflected in the art books and pr specially featured in his catalo Equal care was exercised in his ch of publishers' overstock. The pr were no lower than those prevai in other recognized remainder ch nels, but the titles offered ha generally higher literary content. ders poured in in such volume the scope of the enterprise bro ened so quickly that two new p ners were recruited: old frie named Frederick Weitzen and Fr Bang. The trio has been in cha ever since.

FROM 1946 TO 1948 Marboro wa mail-order operation exclusiv Then it launched a tentative adv tising campaign with two column *SR* and 200 lines in *The New Y Times Book Review*. How that fr ile bud has blossomed! By 1952 M boro was running eight solid page a single issue of *SR*. Today its are splattered in big-circulation m azines and newspapers from coas coast.

It once splurged with full page four different sections of the Sun *New York Times:* the main n section, the *Book Review, Rev of the Week*, and the magaz

"'Marbury' became 'Marboro' in a twinkling of the catalogue printer's eye."

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supplement. The ad budget for 1948 was $5,000; this year it will top $250,000.

The first thing about a Marboro ad that attracts a reader today, of course, is its sheer size. Few book dealers have dared to feature their wares so lavishly—and in such expensive media. But pulling power is not dependent on big space alone. Marboro has neither underestimated the taste of its customers nor offended them with flowery, exaggerated copy.

1951 MARKED the beginning of the Marboro retail chain. Ronnie Smith of the Garden City Publishing Company met Exstein one afternoon in front of the Savoy Plaza Hotel and said, "There's a store being vacated around the corner on 59th Street. I think it would make a fine location for a bookstore featuring just the kind of merchandise you list in your catalogue." Exstein agreed and signed a lease that very day. He never has had cause to regret his impetuous move.

A second store soon was opened near Carnegie Hall; a third just west of Fifth Avenue on 42nd Street; and a fourth on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. It was in the latter shop that one lady latched on to a print of the Rome Coliseum and enthused, "It's perfect! Don't let them change a thing!"

The fifth Marboro shop is brand new: an abandoned supermarket in the Greenwich Village sector on West 8th Street. From cans of peas and horseradish to Picasso prints and Hemingway! Publishers hope this may initiate a trend!

The next logical step for Marboro's retail expansion is a spread to other cities. Out-of-town mail-order customers have indicated that they would welcome such a step. Meanwhile Marboro has introduced one brand-new note into the bookselling picture: warehouse sales. Given the proper inducements, customers obviously will stream into a cavernous out-of-the-way warehouse and dig deep into bins or climb high on ladders to bag the books they are after.

MARBORO'S RETAIL stores, like its mail-order catalogues, feature publishers' overstock at bargain prices, art books, and prints. Twenty-five thousand bullfight posters were sold this year. New books are on sale, too, at full retail price, but are carried more as a convenience than in a serious attempt to wean carriage trade away from old established outlets. The demand for offbeat titles occasionally proved so insistent that Marboro not only ex-

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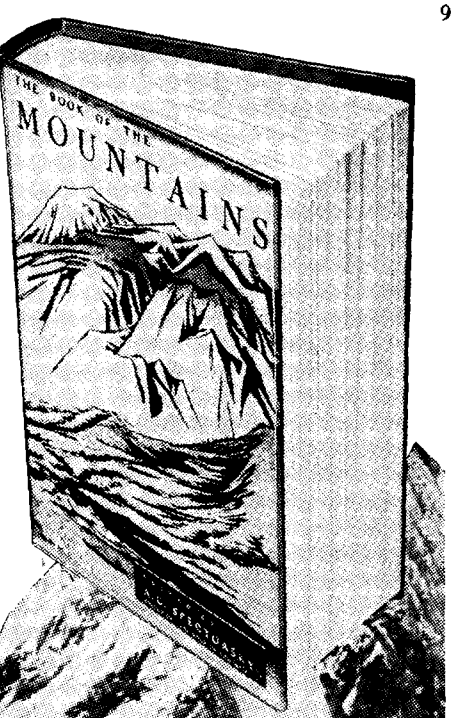

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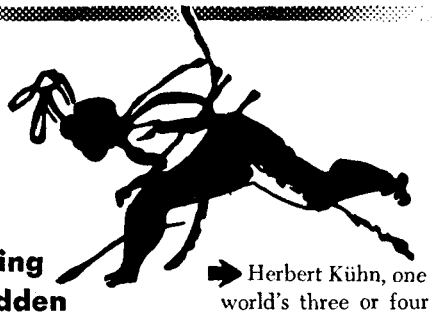

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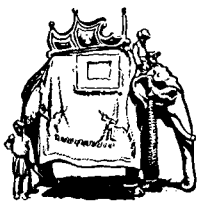

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hausted the publishers' entire supply, but went to press with additional printings of its own. Examples: Reik's "Listening with the Third Ear," Graves's "The White Goddess" and Hesseltine's "Lincoln and the War Governors." This publishing activity, plus the newly formed book club, will give Exstein and his partners something to do in that twenty-fifth hour each day.

ASTONISHING ADDITIONAL volume in the Marboro shops is being contributed by the recent avalanche of serious paperbacks. Marboro carries a complete line. Its orders for the one-dollar edition of "The Family of Man" totaled 6,000 in a single month. Most of the paperbacks are bought by males. Women gravitate to the most expensive art books and prints—proving again that it's the "weaker sex" that controls most of the nation's wealth, and the hands that rock the cradles also cradle the rocks.

I am convinced that what Marboro has achieved in the field of remainders, prints, and paperbacks others can duplicate in the area of higher-priced, worth-while, new publications.

But 1955 profits cannot be garnered via 1895 methods. The rewards will go, in the book world as everywhere else, to men who are properly equipped for their jobs, and have the courage and tenacity to exploit their opportunities to the fullest degree.

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF Sweden seem almost as interested in America's authors as we are in their Anita Ekberg and Miss Universe of 1956. Bonniers of Stockholm has just printed 52,000 copies each of Kenneth Roberts's "Captain Caution" and Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead." First printing for John Bainbridge's "Greta Garbo," logically enough, was upped to 85,000. Considering that the USA has approximately twenty-six times the population of Sweden, that figure would correspond to a printing of 2,210,000 copies over here!

The mere thought of such sales plus the Marboro success story, just might persuade a few hardy optimists to open retail bookshops of their own next year. The locations are there for the asking: dozens of flourishing towns with not a single outlet for books within a radius of twenty miles. The R. R. Bowker Company supplies the know-how in a revised edition of "The Successful Bookshop," a veritable gold mine of advice and essential information. The price is $1.25, and Bowker's address is 62 West 45th Street, New York 36.

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

(For SR readers in the New York area.)

SR's Library Poll

PROBABLY no hale, prospering group in the history of society has ever been the object of more pity or the subject of more analysis than the upper-middle-class American—hedged about by children and cars, commuting trains and country clubs, community associations and conventions. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," by Sloan Wilson (#2 on this month's *SR* poll), is a novel about one of these men who seem to have everything going their way, but who spend their days carrying around fierce nervous burdens.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Marjorie Morningstar** by Herman Wouk (F)*
2. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit** by Sloan Wilson (F)
3. **Inside Africa** by John Gunther (G)**
4. **Auntie Mame** by Patrick Dennis (F)
5. **Gift from the Sea** by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)
6. **Something of Value** by Robert Ruark (F)
7. **Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing** by Suyin Han (G)
8. **How to Live 365 Days a Year** by John A. Schindler (G)
9. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
10. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
11. **Band of Angels** by Robert Penn Warren (F)
12. **Bonjour Tristesse** by Françoise Sagan (F)
13. **The African Giant** by Stuart Cloete (G)
14. **Why Johnny Can't Read** by Rudolf Flesch (G)
15. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
16. **The Sane Society** by Erich Fromm (G)
17. **The Tontine** by Thomas Costain (F)
18. **Onions in the Stew** by Betty MacDonald (G)
19. **Andersonville** by MacKinlay Kantor (F)
20. **The Left Hand of God** by William E. Barrett (F)

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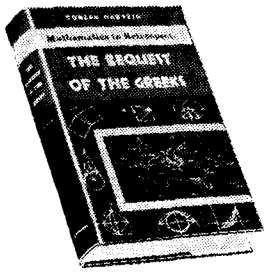

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The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 19, 1955

ADVENTURES IN GOVERNMENT

People who don't take politics seriously sometimes wonder why the hubbub of "party" is so necessary; whether men of good-will ought not get together in quiet, reasonable groups to decide on the best for all. But men never can agree on the "best," and so parties are created—with their arts of compromise, disguise, and carnival—to carry on government in spite of political conflict. Modern Democrats have found a most articulate spokesman in former-Secretary of State Dean Acheson, whose new book is the subject of some general observations by Elmer Davis, political and literary critic. On the next page SR *has sketched the other important forms which American politics has taken in 160 years.*

By ELMER DAVIS

IT SEEMS that a few years ago Dean Acheson had a client—a tycoon, but alleged to be an intelligent one—who asked him, "You are counsel for my company, which means that you are intelligent and experienced. And yet you are a Democrat. How can this be?" Acheson told him, and the results are here—with some additions bearing on more recent matters.* What readers will think of it will naturally depend mostly on their own political opinions. To this reviewer, who agrees on most points with Mr. Acheson, it seems a powerful and convincing argument. But Republicans won't like it much—especially if they happen to be admirers of John Foster Dulles or Attorney-General Brownell—for Acheson looks at their party as well as his own.

Acheson started out, like many Democrats of today, as a Theodore Roosevelt Republican. A little later he was attracted by Wilsonian Democracy—"if the key was lower, the composition was more solid"; and his conversion was completed by the election of Harding, a representative of an Old Guard "that had learned nothing and forgotten everything." There was no blinding light or voice speaking "such as Saul experienced on the road to Damascus, but rather the growth of an awareness of belonging," which brought refreshment and inspiration. So Acheson found himself a member of "the oldest political party in the world," originally known as the Democratic-Republican Party. "The noxious suffix was dropped in 1828, though here and there one finds a Democrat who does not seem to have heard of the improvement."

"How," asks Acheson, "has it lasted so long and remained so young? It is adventurous, imaginative, more governed by hopes than fears. It responds to leadership of strong and vibrant personalities—Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and unless we are too close, and I am too warped by affection for judgment, Harry S. Truman." (I don't think we are too close.) The Republican great, on the other hand, have left no mark on party policy.

For it is a "Republican inclination" to divorce power from responsibility, to have a Legislature with great powers and few responsibilities, and an Executive with few powers and great responsibilities. Further, there is a recurrent inclination to view govern-

*"A Democrat Looks at His Party," by Dean Acheson. Harper, $3.

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America's Other Political Parties

FEDERALISTS

The party of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams was founded in 1787 by landowners and businessmen who were interested in orderly government, an Anglophile foreign policy, and a strong Constitution. Last Federalist candidate was Rufus King in 1816.

REPUBLICANS

Put together by Northern Whigs, Free Soilers, and abolitionists in 1854, the party's philosophy has come to revolve around the "private enterprise" idea, in sharp disagreement with Democrats, who want government to play a more vigorous part in society.

DEMOCRATIC- REPUBLICANS

Jefferson's hope was to preserve the liberties and amenities of a loose, agrarian community, with a minimum of government, but under his and his successors' leadership the party fell in with many centralist projects, e.g., the Louisiana Purchase.

KNOW-NOTHINGS

The most unattractive American political party was founded in 1854 on the platform: "Americans Must Rule America." Promoting a variety of exclusionist and nationalistic legislation, the party dissolved in the slavery controversy.

FREE SOILERS

Into its first contest in 1848 this shortlived group was led by ex-President Van Buren, representing the new social challenges of abolitionism, free land, protective tariffs, and Federal projects. In 1856 the Free Soilers merged with the Republicans.

POPULISTS

Another abortive but fertile movement, founded in 1890 by agrarian reformers with advanced theories of government ownership and monetary policy, which backed Bryan in 1896 and lived to see its ideas used by the Progressives and the New Deal.

WHIGS

The Whigs combined all the oddments alienated by Andrew Jackson's powerful, centralist reforms into a platform of impenetrable vagueness. They won only when they ran behind the popular soldiers William H. Harrison and Zachary Taylor (1840, 1848).

SOCIALISTS

Inspired by nineteenth-century European economic theorists, Socialists—bitterly anti-Stalinist—ask for a wholesale revamping of American socio-economic relationships. The last generation of prosperity has dampened most of their powder.

GREENBACKS

The ineffable General "Ben" Butler, who in 1884 ran as the last candidate of this party (founded in 1874), stood for deliberate inflation as a means of relieving distress, and other reforms like the eight-hour day and child-labor abolition.

PROGRESSIVES

The "Bull Moose" supporters of T.R. and La Follette broke away from the Republicans in 1912 because the parent party was not fighting the issues of trusts, farm reform, child labor, etc. The New Deal absorbed most of this energy, too.

---

ment itself "as being but an administrative process, like good bookkeeping. There is here no sense of adventure, of the drama or the gaiety of the democratic march."

As for the Democratic Party, it has always been broadly based, the party of the many. "A party which represents them will have their many interests, many points of view, and many purposes also . . . [This] is the principal clue in understanding its vitality and endurance." And the contests of Democrats with Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans in turn has been "not between a party of property and a party of proletarians, but between a party which centers on the interests deriving from property in its most important form and a party of many interests, including property interests." "The economic base and the principal interest of the Republican party is business," as its own spokesmen boast; and the significant difference between the parties is the single-interest party against the many-interest party. And Acheson thinks poorly of the businessman's competence as a government administrator, whereas "the processes of a party of many interests are the very processes of government itself."

Not that Acheson maintains that his party is flawless; in the days of Pierce and Buchanan its leadership was mediocre, and while a political solution of the problem of the slave power might not have been possible, "no figure of sufficient insight and political genius appeared to lead the way." There was a lesser but serious missed opportunity in Grover Cleveland's day; "he was a man of honor, courage, and integrity who followed the right as he saw it; but he saw it through a conservative and conventional cast of mind"; the underlying causes of Populist and labor unrest were neither understood nor dealt with. The New Deal had its faults too, chiefly the NRA and the attempt to enlarge the Supreme Court. But this is blamed on "the emotions of a disappointed litigant, which are always poignant."

BUT this affair obscured for years "the underlying conservatism of the innovations of the New Deal." As Acheson points out, in the hearings of the Fulbright Committee last spring "witnesses from industry and finance argued that the market was strong and immune from collapse on the 1929 style. Why? Because, so they said, of legislation which had removed the abuses of the 1920s. What they were talking about was New Deal legislation—which most of them had fought with tenacity, but now praised without identifying it by name and origin."

All these reforms of course required brains, so the Democratic Party attracted intellectuals. "The Republican Party is cool to intellectuals, unless they are lawyers"; it calls them eggheads, radicals, or pinkos; but what they produced has worked so soundly "it is now accepted as a matter of course by former friend and foe alike."

In foreign affairs Acheson thinks that the difference between the parties is due to the fact that when the two great wars were coming on the Democrats were in the position of responsibility and the Republicans were in opposition; it was the difference between a party that had to deal with what it knew about and people who were seeking political leverage with which to obtain power. "In 1919-1920 the attack on the Democrats was savage and malicious; in 1950-1952 the ferocity of the Republican attack knew no limits." Beyond attacks on the character and patriotism of officials, it "assaulted institutions of government and, as in the Bricker amendment, government itself." The new tenants of the house of govern-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Words, Words, Words

By EDITH HAMILTON

NEARLY 100 years ago a novelist and a poet, quite forgotten now but highly esteemed in her own day, whose name was Jean Ingelow, wrote:

Amorphous masses cooing to a
monk;
Some fine old crusty problems
very drunk;
A pert parabola flirting with
a don,
And two Greek grammars with
their war paint on.
A lame black beetle singing to
a fish;
A squinting planet in a
gravy-dish.

There were other lines equally striking which, unfortunately, I have forgotten (the book they appeared in is long since out of print), but the importance of even the few I can quote must be instantly apparent to all those interested in the latest fashion in poetry. The widespread belief that we are observing a new development in poets must be discarded. The essential similarity of this nineteenth-century verse to the most modern school is so striking as to be conclusive.

Many writers today could serve as illustration, but none better than Dylan Thomas, who, the critics assure us, is the greatest of them all. For instance,

A claw I question from the
mouse's bone,
The long-tailed stone
Trap I with coil and sheet,
Let the soil squeal I am the
biting man
And the velvet dead inch out.

No one can fail to see that Thomas is here using Jean Ingelow's technique. It is true that his skill is inferior to hers. Her combinations are far more arresting. Still, trapping a long-tailed stone with a sheet is undoubtedly in its fundamental conception one with her happier efforts. Soil that squeals belongs clearly to the same order as a parabola that flirts, while velvet—with its connotations of luxurious smoothness and softness—is as far away from the dead we have met in life and literature as a planet is from a gravy-dish. Although the two verses were written 100 years apart they show the same technique, strongly marked.

Are we then to hail Jean Ingelow as the founder of the modern school? The question is an important one which merits careful examination. Unfortunately, we have only a single verse of her essay into this particular poetical field, but it is so forcefully and so vividly written that many pages could hardly illustrate the method better. It can be briefly stated, being at bottom very simple. It is to bring words together which from every possible point of view have nothing to do with one another. Cooing is perhaps the last thing we would expect from amorphous masses or serenading fish from a lame black beetle, or, as in Thomas's verse, squealing from the soil. In Thomas's work the method is seen in its true importance. He makes use of it constantly: "the whinnying light," "the shameful oak," "the long-legged heart," "the cuddled tree," "the snail-waked world," "the heart-shaped voice of the water's dust," "the halfmoon's vegetable eye." Examples can be found in everything he wrote.

Till every bone in the rushing
grave
Rose and crowed and fell!
(The crowing bone)

or

These stolen bubbles have the
bites of snakes
And the undead eye-teeth.

These two quotations show that although their initial start was the same Thomas has advanced far beyond Jean Ingelow. Her technique is to choose words which will surprise; he aims at a more forceful effect. Bubbles with eye-teeth—and undead ones at that—arouse a livelier emotion than surprise. Also she always makes statements which are easily grasped. When she says that problems are drunk the meaning—so to speak—is clear, but to Thomas the idea of a meaning is irrelevant, if not to be avoided. The line

Your calm and cuddled is a
scythe of hairs

is typical, so much so that when occasionally he "deviates into sense" the reader is inclined to think that he himself has gone wrong and given profundities a shallow and facile interpretation. But this is rare. For the most part facile interpretations are not possible. As, for instance, in

Yea the dead stir,
And this, nor this, is shade,
the landed crow,
He lying low with ruin in his ear,
The cockerel's tide upcasting
from the fire.

or

The patchwork halves were
cloven as they scudded
The wild pigs' wood, and slime
upon the trees,
Sucking the dark, kissed on
the cyanide,
And loosed the braiding adders
from their hairs:
Rotating halves are horning as
they drill
The arterial angel.

It would be a rash person who attempted to give a facile interpretation of these verses. There seems little doubt that we shall presently have schools devoted to elucidating Thomas, each championing a view opposed

"We have ways of making men talk, my friend."

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to the others, one of those pleasant literary quarrels which can never be settled.

This is in marked contrast to Jean Ingelow's simple lucidity, but an even greater contrast is underlined by the fact that Thomas's deviations into sense often leave the reader regretful that he has deviated. This time he finds himself thinking, something less than lucidity would be preferable:

I smell the maggot in my stool.

or

I sit and watch the worm beneath
my nail
Wearing the quick away.

or

The redhaired cancer still aline,
The cataracted eyes that filmed
their cloth;
Some dead undid their bushy
jaws,
And bags of blood let out their
flies;

These lines point to the major difference between the two writers, a profound difference. They differ in their spirit. Jean Ingelow can be gay; she amuses herself as well as her readers; she can laugh. It is impossible to conceive of Thomas ever doing so. He is perpetually "not amused." His view of the world is extremely dark. Nature is never his wedding garment, only his shroud. He sees ugliness everywhere. The sea, for example, which poets through the ages have found beautiful and terrible and awe-inspiring and lovely and even laughing (Aeschylus speaks of the "never numbered laughter of sea waves"), is to Thomas unpleasant or futile. It is "ramshackling" and "goose-plucked." It has "black, base bones." It is

The graveyard in the water where
The crab-backed dead on the sea
bed rose
And scuttled over her eyes.

The sea waves "squawk" or they "sound flowing like blood from the loud wound." He finds it generally repulsive. The same is true of Spring, poetry's old favorite. To Thomas she is "bone-breaking"; she "runs angrily"; she "unravels the colic season." He has not a word of praise for her any more than for the sea, unless (it is possible) he means to praise when he writes:

The spring weather
That belled and bounded with the
fossil

That question cannot be settled here. As much can be said for those who maintain that praise is intended as for those who maintain that it is

(*Continued on page* 52)

WRITERS AND WRITING

Poet's Portrait As a Doomed Man

"Dylan Thomas in America: An Intimate Journal," by John Malcolm Brinnin *(Little, Brown. 303 pp. $4), presents a sympathetic personal memoir of the controversial Welsh poet by the man who first invited him to visit America and who accompanied him on frequent lecture tours here. Our reviewer is Louis Untermeyer, one of America's best-known poets.*

By Louis Untermeyer

"IT IS impossible to hit back at a man who does not know that he is hitting you and who is far too cautious of the laws of libel to say plainly what can only be read between the lines. I want to make clear that an intensive handful of months, at divided intervals, over a comparatively very short number of years, do not . . . do justice to the circumference of the subject. . . . I feel that I should do my best, with a still hot shovel of overloaded feeling and a lot of windily winding words, to vindicate first Dylan, then me, then both of us together. And hope that the truth I am trying blindly to say, to find out for myself, will come out through all the literary muddles and faultily *not* detached attitude. And I hope it is a better truth than Brinnin's."

These words, which are something in the nature of a disclaimer and rebuttal by Dylan Thomas's widow, Caitlin, appear as a prefatory statement to John Malcolm Brinnin's newly published "Dylan Thomas in America," and they are not the least extraordinary feature of his extraordinary book. In them Mrs. Thomas, herself a poet, implies that Mr. Brinnin knew little or nothing of her husband except during the last four years of his life. But though he is handicapped by this intimidating caveat Mr. Brinnin is by no means hamstrung, and he has drawn a sharp, candid, obviously incomplete (but unquestionably illuminating) portrait of the tragically troubled and self-doomed poet Dylan Thomas.

The book is obviously not a definitive or even a fairly rounded study. Mr. Brinnin's acquaintance with his subject, limited to the poet's last few years, was also limited by observing him, for the most part under the worst possible circumstances: "I had begun to understand that his coming to America had been undertaken in nothing short of terror," Mr. Brinnin writes, and we now await with justified curiosity Caitlin Thomas's promised corrective and comprehensive full-length biography. Yet Mr. Brinnin has an extraordinary story to tell.

In the Brinnin portrait Dylan Thomas is not only seen in retrospect: he is heard in characteristically bravura conversations. Yet the book is not only a skilful blend of reporting and reconstruction; it is a moving intimate journal which is also a penetrating understanding of his complex and contradictory subject. Superficially much of the book reads like an interminable alcoholic saga, a record of hail-and-farewell parties, pub-crawls, and incredible bouts of imbibing. The surface picture is not an engaging one. It is a picture of pampered rowdyism roaring from bar to bar, of sordid recovering from one hangover after another, of a tipsy-tongued, libidinous, and often scatological, if erudite, clown who became the part he played —that of an irresponsible or obsessed dipsomaniac.

NOT far beneath the surface, however, is a totally different creature: a poet who, fearful that his creative faculties were failing and frightened that his life as well as his work was finished, sought reassurance everywhere. For him poetry had become, he said, "statements made on the way to the grave"; at the same time he wanted to write only happy poems, "poems in praise of God's world—by a man who doesn't believe in God." Meanwhile he plunged into a self-betrayal of orgies, obscenities, and a bad boy's use of four-letter words merely to shock staid gatherings and to give fresh substance to the legend of his indecencies.

This legend assumed monstrous proportions during his second trip to America. There were three tours in all, managed at the cost of constant

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tensions, anxieties, and near-breakdowns by his friend and fellow-poet—the author of this book, who found Thomas "the most exhausting, exasperating, and most completely endearing human being I ever encountered." It is apparent that in America Thomas was only occasionally seen as a creator. Mostly he was the bohemian on the loose, the harried and harassed genius escaping from interviewers, entertainment committees, celebrity seekers, and "ardents," needing (yet dreading) the profits and applause from his readings, letting himself go waywardly, ridiculously, desperately, and, finally, fatally.

His wife, Caitlin, who was, it now seems warrantably, afraid of the effects of his free and uncontrollable roistering among well-wishers and sycophants who were eager to be his drinking companions, said that Thomas wanted to go to the States "only for flattery, idleness, and infidelity." Thomas countered that the right words were "appreciation, dramatic work, and friends."

Friends, or at least sudden acquaintances, were easy to find. Most of them, either misguidedly "in the know" or maliciously attempting to lift puritan eyebrows, enlarged the more outrageous elements of the legend. They filled it with exaggerated details and distorted it to such an extent that it seemed one more proof of the philistine contention that poets were moonstruck, amoral, and altogether irresponsible misfits. Revolting from the picture which was turning him into a combination of petulant child, ribald joker, and bloated satyr, Thomas went to extremes. He was either the most gracious or the most besotted of guests; he drank out of shyness and self-protection and also because of a nagging and ineradicable fear. Mr. Brinnin maintains that he drank primarily in defense, "out of a need for a barrier between his guilt and his laughter, between himself and the world around him, even between himself and one other person." "When he felt this need," writes Mr. Brinnin, "intoxication was a kind of license by which he was able to participate in, and at the same time keep himself responsibly removed from, situations he could not control."

APART from the author's theories, most of which are plausible if not always convincing, "Dylan Thomas in America" is full of small but significant facts. We learn, for example, that Thomas sometimes took an egg in brandy for breakfast, although more often he took beer in lieu of either brandy or breakfast. His favorite food seems to have been nickel candy-bars and his favorite "escape" reading Mickey Spillane and other sadistic shockers. He accepted, even demanded, hospitality, in return for which he was not above stealing his host's shirts. There were many recitals, but his readings were barely profitable because his attitude toward money was both compulsive and careless. He always needed (and he was given) cash, but he could never account for how it was spent. The audiences were large, enthusiastic, and even adoring, but Thomas never faced a crowd with equanimity. Before each appearance he was gripped by a "bone-chilling anxiety." Moreover, he detested using poetry as a public forum activity; to him "poetry was something that happened, that had been happening for a long time, and would go on happening." He had an antipathy to debating about it or its techniques. "He knew just enough about the perspectives and the jargon of the new critics of poetry to use them in discussion and as a rule tended to disparage the more rigid application of the approach they represent," says Mr. Brinnin. Modest about his own poetry, he preferred to read the works of others: "an hour of me aloud is hell and produces large burning spots in front of the mind," he said.

The most morose of manic-depressives, he was often the most hilarious of comrades and the most whimsical of wits. He made up an impromptu and wholly imaginary interview in which he spoke of himself as "the poor man's Charles Laughton" ready to describe "a typical day in my Welsh bog" and "a bard's-eye view of New York by a dollar-mad nightingale." When asked why he had come to America he liked to reply: "To continue my lifelong search for naked women in wet mackintoshes."

Besides an accumulation of uncomfortable encounters, scarifying sidelights, incidental and not-so-casual liaisons there are important pages which no future biographer can overlook. There is the revelation of Thomas's hunger for sex or at least for the acknowledgment of his sexual appeal, which can be interpreted as the immature man's need for unreserved affection from everyone, and particularly from those who responded to what seemed a basic need. These people he unconsciously but unscrupulously absorbed, taking their time away from other tasks, draining their energy, sapping their love. He was actually, Mr. Brinnin ruefully admits, "a destroyer—he had an instinct for drawing to him those most capable of being annihilated by him." Caitlin was not unaware of his frenetic spells

THE AUTHOR: John Malcolm Brinnin, thirty-nine-year-old highbrow whose tastes straddle Stein and Joyce and burlesque-comic Irving Harmon, carries on the typical life of a modern poet. He lives in Cambridge, Mass., teaches English at the University of Connecticut, and is advisory chairman of New York's YMHA Poetry Center. The latter brings poets and other distinguished literary figures to read and lecture before a large and earnest subscription audience. One of the poets who appeared there was the late Dylan Thomas, and it fell to Mr. Brinnin's lot to shepherd that possessed poet through the deteriorating final years of his short life.

Mr. Brinnin was four-fifths of the way through a book on Gertrude Stein and hadn't considered the possibility of writing about Mr. Thomas when he heard a memorial program broadcast shortly after the poet's death. Suddenly he realized that a public legend was being created and that if he didn't get down on paper his own memory of the poet he too would begin to remember him not as he was but as the legend would recreate him.

Now that this "footnote to Dylan's biography" (the book contains almost nothing but what JMB knew first-hand) has been published Mr. Brinnin wishes to return to his own personality again, and henceforth he will refuse to go about lecturing, discussing, or writing further articles about Dylan Thomas. Indeed, Mr. Brinnin has an interesting career of his own. Born in Nova Scotia and educated at the University of Michigan, he spent his teens working in book shops and editing little magazines. Though his own poems were published in similar magazines it wasn't until 1941 when he was at Harvard Graduate School that his first book of lyrics, "The Garden Is Political," was published. Since then he has published three more books of poetry, and now as a poet he cautions readers of "Dylan Thomas in America" against the danger of making a poet's life a substitute for the meaning of his poems—which can happen in an age where psychologists and critics publish more than creators.

—HENRY HEWES.

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of infidelity; marital hostility worsened when it was plain that neither Dylan nor Caitlin could do anything about them. Her resentment extended to Brinnin, partly because he refused to give details about Thomas's random inamorata, but mostly because Brinnin had brought Thomas to the States; and Thomas, difficult enough as a husband at home, was ten times as trying after the welter of unstinted American adulation. Hostility frequently reached the point of physical outbreaks; the marriage, says Brinnin, was "essentially a state of rivalry" in which the contestants "held one another in a death-grip."

MEANWHILE the fabulous talks, scandals, arguments, obsessive drinking, and dissipations went on. They were alternately the result of an indiscriminate sense of guilt and Thomas's natural (as well as unnatural) exuberance, an inverted outlet for a headlong and hazardous joy of living. Mr. Brinnin recognizes the Dionysian and even demonic character which carried with it a psychically explosive quality—a quality not attained by any other poet of the twentieth century. Here are the roots of the searching poet of "Fern Hill," the vivid dramatist of "Under Milk Wood," and the inspired chronicler of "A Child's Christmas in Wales" as well as the lonely fears that led to sudden euphoria, the daylong sprees when the color of a city visited was "largely in the kind and number of its public bars and in the degree of accessibility to them."

Throughout all this Thomas was a physically sick man. The end, not foreseen but inevitable, was torture. The illness, previously diagnosed as cirrhosis of the liver, culminated in nausea, fainting spells, and delirium tremens. "I have seen the gates of hell," Thomas repeated. "I truly want to die." Self-deceived and self-indulgent, he was unpredictable, promiscuous, and pitiful to the last. He grew worse rapidly after a birthday celebration in late October 1953. One doctor spoke of a "diabetic shock"; another called it "a severe insult to the brain" caused by alcoholic poisoning of the brain cells and tissues. Taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in New York, Thomas went into a coma from which he never emerged. Caitlin arrived a few hours before he died.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWENTY PACES MORE OR LESS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, describes briefly ten duels which were fought on your bookshelf, if it is properly stocked. Allowing ten points for each book you can aim at correctly, a score of sixty is to take a stand, seventy is to advance, and eighty or better is an affair of honor. Answers on page 48.

1. Before either of the participants was injured a duel between two sixteenth-century Britishers was interrupted by the belated delivery of a stolen letter which cleared the name of the lady in the case.
2. After the first exchange of shots a duel between a German musician, exiled in Paris, and a Frenchman became a fist fight.
3. At the age of fourteen a princess, who later became mistress to the King of Spain, lost her right eye in a duel with a page.
4. A malicious king plotted a fencing match in which his nephew was to be killed with a poisoned sword.
5. Two eighteenth-century Scottish brothers, who hated each other, battled it out with swords by candlelight in the family garden until one of them was erroneously pronounced dead.
6. To avenge an insult to his innocent wife an Englishman fought a duel in France which he survived, but the shock of the incident caused the illness and death of his wife.
7. A viscount was killed in a duel with a London roué, who in turn died twelve years later in a duel with a duke.
8. Posing as a cavalier a beautiful French lady was forced to fight a duel with a man who thought he was defending his sister's honor.
9. Provoked into a duel by a slap in the face from his former brother-in-law a deserter from the Hungarian army fired into the air but in some mysterious way the bullet wounded the slapper.
10. An internationalist, who had worn the uniforms of eight countries, and an American writer met on a golf course by the French Riviera, took the agreed forty paces, fired only one shot each, and missed.

The Colorful Crab

***"The Life of Rudyard Kipling," by C. E. Carrington** (Doubleday. 43[illegible] pp. $5.50), is a new biography of the famous British poet-writer. Here it is reviewed by Edgar Johnson, whose "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography" has recently been reissued*

By Edgar Johnson

THE central paradox of Kipling's career is this: During the years in which he arduously polished the verbal resources of his art into ever greater precision, tautness, and intricacy the man and his artistic vision gradually shrank and hardened into embittered narrowness. What happened to the brilliant young reporter and artist who burst so startlingly upon the world in the 1880s with his knowing and cynical sketches of Anglo-Indian society, his sympathetic explorations of native and soldier life and his colorfully vigorous rhythms of verse? How did this man who could talk with anyone—Tommies, Brahmins, pariahs, half-castes, Gloucester fishermen, ships' engineers, and police constables—become the suspicious and embittered hermit-crab that he did?

During his earlier years in the United States Kipling had hymned Americans as "the biggest, finest, and best people on the surface of the globe," and he had predicted that its racial mixtures would produce "the Man of the Future," who would "swing the world with one foot as a man tilts a seesaw." Why then should his absurd and undignified fracas with his loud-mouthed Vermont brother-in-law have sent him scuttling back to England and why should his sensitive receptivity have been transformed into a querulous rancor? Slowly the artist who had sympathized with the underdog, the rejected, the rebellious, and the unconventional, came to identify himself with authority and to become a ferocious imperialist who urged upon Britain her duty of carrying "the White Man's burden" and who hated all who challenged her exclusive right to assume that burden.

This dual inhumanity destroyed Kipling's hold upon the general public which had been so firm in the Theodore Roosevelt era; and the intellectuals, who might have been fascinated by the extraordinary ingenuities of his technique, were revolted by what seemed to them the reactionary attitudes of a scrawny Colonel Blimp in spectacles. By the time of Kipling's death in 1936 his literary prestige had

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ng predeceased him. Only within
ie last dozen years or so, with
dmund Wilson's analysis of the vir-
iosity of his prose and with T. S.
liot's tributes to his metrical produc-
ons as "*great* verse," has there begun
reevaluation of Kipling's significance.
The time is consequently ripe for
good critical biography but, unfor-
nately, Mr. Carrington has not writ-
n it in "The Life of Rudyard Kip-
ng." He has labored assiduously to
ncover the biographical facts and has
esented them in chronological order,
it his narrative skill is not con-
picuous. He displays little psycholog-
al insight and his critical comment
on the whole undiscriminatingly
lulatory. Both as biography and as
itical perception Edmund Wilson's
illiant essay "The Kipling That
obody Read" is far more valuable.
A few illustrations must suffice for
ie defects of Mr. Carrington's book.
hat is the narrative logic, for ex-
nple, of devoting numbers of pages
Kipling's rancorous copyright dis-
ites with American publishers and
then confining the statement of his
al defeat to a mere footnote? The
erary criticism is hardly ever ana-
tical and it seldom consists of any-
ing but vague laudatory generaliza-
on. Kipling's invidious distinction
etween the conquering white man
id the native populations as "your
w-caught, sullen peoples,/Half devil
id half child" and his preaching of
e "White Man's burden" are de-
nded by the rationalization that in
ying "white" Kipling did not mean
hite." The dark-skinned hero of
unga Din," argues Mr. Carrington,
portrayed as "white, clear white,
side"! Very flattering to the black,
own, and yellow peoples of the
obe! It is clear that Mr. Carrington
is no conception of why Kipling's
sition arouses resentment even
nong members of the white race
ho reject the doctrine of racial
periority.

In the end, Mr. Carrington comes to
e point where he simply accepts and
ports Kipling's prejudices without
thering to justify them. But one
ould like to know, among other
ings, why in Kipling's soldier stories
the 1900s there is "a note of bitter-
ss . . . even against Haldane's Terri-
rial Army, which so nearly resem-
ed his own 'Army of a Dream'."
hy, in Kipling's fury over the Irish
isis, was he "blinded" to the threat-
ing and greater disaster of a Euro-
an War, so that he wounded his own
putation by a virulent personal
tack on the Liberal leaders? No
planations are ever suggested by
r. Carrington and as a result Kip-
ng's story is still to be told.

FICTION

—Jacket design for "Enter Sir Robert."

". . . pig raising, cathedral roof-climbing, maneuvers by which matches are made."

So Very Barsetshire

***"Enter Sir Robert," by Angela Thirkell** (Alfred A. Knopf. 293 pp. $3.50), is the latest item in the modern chronicles of Barsetshire by a British woman novelist who has achieved a large American following and who has managed to retain some sense of humor about this accomplishment.*

By Edmund Fuller

"LOOK at that nice Mrs. Morland," says Lady Graham. "She tells everyone that she writes the same book every year and it is quite true and as everyone reads her book every year that is very nice."

In this quote from one of the characters of her latest novel, Angela Thirkell proves that she stands on intimate terms with her band of faithful readers. In further self-reflection, Mrs. Thirkell's characters wonder that Mrs. Morland's books should be read in America because they are "so very *English*." The reply *à la* Thirkell again: Americans are crazy about them "just because they *are* so very English."

Once a goodly number of years ago, I reviewed one of Mrs. Thirkell's books and it irritated the hell out of me. Today her product remains unchanged but time seems to have worked upon me. From the objective acknowledgment that Mrs. Thirkell has a special quality which is good of its kind, I have made a genuine progression toward that affinity essential to full appreciation of her novels.

This personal confession leads to the fact that "Enter Sir Robert," the latest item in the modern chronicles of Barsetshire, is vintage Thirkell, which means that it is very good. Her regular readers will at once queue up. (It is mildly disconcerting to a repentant male reviewer to find the reader always spoken of as "she," too.)

Mrs. Thirkell's novels are written out of the deepest roots of a complexly articulated culture. They are the work of a keen but gentle satirist who includes herself in the scope of her scrutiny. All the minutiae of her culture are captured and displayed with the patina that generations of living usage have brought to them. These details particularize themselves from the forms and idiosyncrasies of the English Church to pig raising to cathedral roof-climbing and to the tentative maneuvers by which matches are or may be made.

Plot-wise, coherency-wise, her progressions seem irrelevant. But detail and texture of living are, in themselves, Mrs. Thirkell's mode of relevance. That is why her books are organically homogeneous, separated

—Alfred A. Knopf.

Angela Thirkell—"a special quality."

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from each other by cell-division or by budding. Beginning, middle, and end are irrelevancies in her realm.

That leaves us only to sum up with some samples. As, for instance, on tradition: ". . . there is always a fresh generation that knows not Joseph—as we in our time did not know him."

Or on the change in the lower classes (as ventured by Lord Mellings): ". . . they can be much ruder than you can now. We've lost the knack . . ." Finally, there is Mrs. Thirkell's observation on the new form of moneyless blackmail practised by servants and tradespeople in terms of "the amount of listening and sympathizing we have to do with people whose time appears to be of no value to them and whose affairs are of no interest to us."

John Breon—"keen wit."

Attic Escape

"The Sorrows of Travel," by John Breon *(G. P. Putnam. 250 pp. $3.50), is a first novel by a young American who owes some debt to the late Gertrude Stein and whose characters are a group of young American expatriates, all gathered into one room in Paris.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE ROOM on the top floor of the dilapidated Hotel Gallia in the student quarter of Paris was "an escape from all the myriad and immense things remembered and wanted in other places. For Livia and Chuck and Paul, upon entering the door, the room before them reorganized itself into the shape of hope. It grew, recreated by the heart, whose laws are immeasurably more complex and never really compatible with those of the streets below. . . ."

If the reader at this point is misled into thinking that John Breon's novel is an appealing chronicle about lonely people who discover a romantic attic refuge, like the private paradise of "Seventh Heaven," let him here disabuse himself of that impression. This room is grotesque and disturbing: there is a huge bed with bare-breasted harpies carved on the headboard, an assortment of wooden angels from the organloft of some demolished church, a pair of four-foot gryphons used as clothes racks (whenever clothes are hung up), a few abandoned pieces of furniture which bear no resemblance to each other, and a large washtub, which serves as bath, table, or chair. And the cast of Mr. Breon's highly charged and rather morbidly intense drama, the group of young American expatriates in Paris for whom the room has become the center of a world of their own, is as bizarre as the furniture, with motives and reactions as fantastic and as unpredictable.

There is Paul, the composer, and the crippled Chuck, his friend. There are also Henry, disciple of Existentialism; Livia, an artist who makes pornographic cuff links for tourists; George, a writer in love with Livia; and Eunice, who has gone so French that even the French feel alien to her. These are all as casually and as intimately at home in the room as are the two legitimate occupants, Paul and Chuck. But it is around Chuck, whose leg has been amputated—a mutilation which comes in for a great deal of Freudian symbolism in the book—that this group, impelled by a variety of somewhat incredible complexes and compulsions, builds its dangerously self-sufficient world. It is a world which the author recreates in all its perverse innocence only to be shattered by the entrance of an outsider, Albert. To the corrupt Albert all things are corrupt, and by his machinations the relationships of the room's habitués to one another are distorted and befouled, and the story comes to its end in appalling tragedy.

John Breon has a keen wit and a sharp tongue. Perhaps his book suffers a bit from its author's inability to refrain from being brightly and smartly and indiscriminatingly satirical about all his characters—a trait which sometimes makes it appear that he has not made up his mind about his own viewpoint. And despite his sophistication and his evident first-hand knowledge of the milieu of which he writes, Mr. Breon's youth betrays him into certain pitfalls, for he is perfectly capable of taking seriously premises and situations which are essentially quite as extravagant and absurd as those he lampoons so mercilessly. But he is unquestionably an exceptionally talented young writer, and "The Sorrows of Travel" which bears a dedication to the late Gertrude Stein and to Alice B. Toklas who encouraged Mr. Breon to follow a literary career, is a first book of considerable accomplishment.

Hot-Blooded Dreamer

"The Proud Man," by Elizabeth Linington *(Viking. 404 pp. $3.95), is a first—and highly successful—try at writing a historical novel by a young California woman who is still in her twenties and who has never been east of Chicago despite the fact that her novel is set in Ireland.*

By Harrison Smith

OF ALL the historical novels published in the past year none is more stirring than "The Proud Man," a long story of sixteenth-century Ireland which has been written by a California woman who is still in her twenties and who has never been east of Chicago. It is to author Elizabeth Linington's credit that she does not deal with romantic legends, supernatural omens, or pixies hiding under the shrubbery. Her central character is one of Ireland's permanent heroes, Shane O'Neill, a mighty, outsize warrior, a clever military strategist, and the handsomest chieftain in the country. An Ulsterman who was known throughout all Ireland as "The O'Neill," he was the last Irishman who could dream of uniting the clans and throwing the English army out of the country.

The novel begins when Shane is elected chieftain by a gathering of the clans near his impregnable mountain fortress. Here he lives with his captains, his armies, his minstrel, and his second wife whom no one loved. When he is bored with his castle he raids the English territory north of Dublin where Lord Radcliffe lives in mortal fear of "The O'Neill."

Ulster was then the wealthiest land in Ireland, trading with the Continent against English law, and the naive O'Neill conceives the idea of finding Catholic allies in Spain and Scotland. Always an egotist, he then intends, after divorcing his second wife, to offer himself to Queen Elizabeth as a husband and future king of England. He is certain that no woman who looks

—Rudolph.

Elizabeth Linington—"stirring."

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upon his magnificent body and his green eyes can resist him, and he sends a priest to the English court—a priest whose duty it is to praise O'Neill and to read his ardent letters to the Queen.

All this is the beginning of a fascinating episode of that fabulous time. Elizabeth invites Shane to visit her court. When he arrives, in regal garments and wearing rubies and emeralds, she flirts with him and finally presents him with an outrageous treaty he cannot sign. Then she holds him captive in London. But though O'Neill has met with his first defeat at the hands of a woman, he manages to deceive Elizabeth and to effect his own release.

He becomes England's scourge. He leads his men in a savage raid against the English and a year later he traps Lord Radcliffe and cuts his army to pieces. This English general, who has in the past sent men to assassinate Shane, now offers the enormous fortune of ten thousand pounds to the man who will kill O'Neill, and so the story reaches its climax.

All this is a dramatic story, and the fact that Miss Linington is an ardent partisan of O'Neill and of Ireland's lost cause of four centuries ago will delight any reader who is not averse to bloodshed. Miss Linington sees in Shane O'Neill the type of proud, hot-blooded dreamer that has also served as the hero of Shakespearean drama, and she writes of him in this light.

Westward Horror

"Winter Harvest," by Norah Lofts *(Doubleday. 347 pp. $3.95), retells in fictional terms the story of the famous California-bound Donner Party of 1846-1847, many of whose members perished on the way.*

By Oliver La Farge

IN THE winter of 1847-1848 a party of emigrants heading west for California lost its way and, trapped by snow in Nevada, suffered so horribly that only half its members lived to tell the tale. Now, admittedly inspired by George R. Stewart's "Ordeal by Hunger," Norah Lofts, an Englishwoman, has built a novel on the theme of this tragic Donner party, and, though there is no mention of her having ever visited the West, she has told her story with remarkable success.

The formula of her novel is familiar: a number of greatly varying temperaments, including a brothel-keeper and a woman who is devoted to God, are thrown together and subjected to unusual pressures. Such novels are usually fun, the juxtapositions tickling the reader by their incongruity and providing the freedom for playing all sorts of tricks with the characters. They seldom need to be taken seriously, be the author named Steinbeck or Vicki Baum.

Nora Lofts—"remarkable success."

But "Winter Harvest" differs from most such novels, for the characters are brought together not by chance but by their common intention of getting across the continent to California; and each group is one you might well find among the emigrants in any of the big Westward movements. (Although you would not expect so juicy an assortment in any single, small party, the gathering still has *narrative* logic.) Also, this party, the one small segment of the group—the segment with which Mrs. Lofts is concerned—is heading towards extreme hardships, towards horror, and the pressures to which they are subjected are of the highest order. Therefore, we are dealing with human behavior in tragic circumstances which give the writer an opportunity to do really solid work, and it is an opportunity which Mrs. Lofts does not waste.

The experiences of this particular party—a party which would, in real life, have become famous as "the Frumage Party" and given its leader, sardonically, the lasting fame he so desired to win—are well handled. There is not too much detail of the country and there are not too many incidents. Perhaps in part this abstinence may be due to the author's good fortune in not knowing the terrain at first hand, but it is also due at least in part to the fact that this is strongly a novel of character. One of Mrs. Lofts's achievements is her development of an unusual number of characters of excellent roundness. The four brief, fictitious biographies are works of real imagination. So the reader believes the series of events that leads the party towards tragedy, victory, or mere defeat. Here even the treatment of cannibalism, which occurs in other fiction of the early West, is unique and plausible, and all in all this is a superior novel, rising above what usually comes from the "Grand Hotel" formula.

Dive to Wisdom

"Spinners of the Dream," by John H. Secondari *(Little, Brown. 310 pp. $3.75), is a novel which concerns itself with a group of urbane characters who find themselves together on the island of Majorca. Its author's last novel. "Coins in a Fountain," had some success in Hollywood under a slightly different title.*

By Charles Lee

AS AN author John Secondari has had some success with Hollywood. His previous novel was transformed into the motion picture "Three Coins in a Fountain," and now his present (and third) novel may well lend itself with similar success to Hollywood. True, to make it cinemascopically shipshape a great deal of talk will have to be pumped from its depths and some of the conflict scoured down, but its setting on and about Majorca and especially its underwater action ought to justify an orgy of color on the extra-wide screen.

The name Majorca actually means "The Island of Calm," but precious little of that rare commodity is available to the five principals in this story. The characters are a famous news analyst named Jeffrey Lynton; his wife, Monica; network vice-president Tom Saunders and his wife, Fran, and retired Royal Navy Commander Pete MacCrae, who is a brawny semi-primitive whose yacht the four Americans have chartered. The equilibrium that the vacationers seek vanishes as something of the sea's own restlessness churns up old deprivations and new hungers, as tides of feeling wash over them, and as the very floorings of their lives undergo some interesting shiftings.

It is Pete who triggers the action. He is handsome enough to excite Fran (who "wants caviar all the time"), and he is so masculine that

(Continued on page 45)

John Secondari—"a deal of talk."

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The Age of Consent

FIFTEEN YEARS ago we moderated a debate in Norwalk, Connecticut, between an officer of the state Federation of Labor and a spokesman for the National Association of Manufacturers. The subject had something to do with social security. Lending point and potency to the meeting were newspaper headlines at the time telling of strikes, boycotts, and industrial violence. We don't remember too clearly what the arguments were, but we still have a vivid recollection of the explosive nature of the meeting. At the end of an evening of cries, threats, and jutting chins the only thing that seemed settled was that we weren't likely soon again to have another capital-labor farrago for a town meeting.

Several weeks ago, in the same city, we moderated another debate between representatives of the same two organizations. The debaters were different, but as I looked around I could identify a fair number of citizens who had attended the town-meeting debates more than fifteen years ago. The subject this time was the guaranteed annual wage.

The spokesman for the NAM began by paying his respects to his opponent as a man who had contributed greatly to labor-business harmony in the state. He acknowledged that there were persuasive arguments in favor of the guaranteed annual wage and asked those present to consider such arguments as carefully as he hoped they would consider his own. He proceeded calmly and carefully to develop his case, emphasizing that he was concerned with the workability of GAW, but was not opposing it because it was too "visionary" or "idealistic." He recalled how some business leaders derided Henry Wallace some years ago for predicting that there would be 60,000,000 jobs in postwar America. The NAM speaker said that Mr. Wallace had been right about that and his critics wrong. No one could now say, the speaker continued, that any proposal was too visionary. The flaws in the GAW, he said, grew out of the lack of any clearly defined mechanism that could make it work.

The labor representative then presented his case. He returned the compliment, then agreed with his opponent that the issue could not be settled on a black-and-white basis. Within labor itself, he went on, there were many people who were uncertain about the feasibility or workability of the GAW. They belonged to a minority inside labor—a respected minority—and there was full opportunity for the representation of their view. However, he continued, the majority of officials in the state federation of labor believed in the GAW because they felt the problems involved in it were within reasonable reach and that the advantages were real and substantial—both for labor and industry. He then described specific instances in which the GAW seemed to be working fairly well, making it clear that some mistakes had been made by labor itself in their own end of the plan, but that these mistakes were currently being recognized and acted upon.

The rebuttal period was less a session for snappy comebacks than a fair exchange of views in which each speaker seemed sincerely eager to develop the discussion. At the end of the evening both speakers agreed that the matter required careful study not only by those directly concerned but by the community as a whole.

WHAT had happened in Norwalk cannot be charged up to a sudden freakishness in human behavior. Nor was it a laboratory experiment in good manners. It was a significant reflection of an important change that has been developing in the nation during the past decade.

Behind the change is a whole sequence of events. First of all, many of the diehards have died. The old notions and slogans that figured so largely in their thinking and battling have lost steam in almost direct proportion to their loss of good sense. It's been a long time since any person in high station in industry or labor has sounded off on the coming showdown between the two—a showdown in which the other side would learn who is really master. Theories on the inevitability of class conflict seem as dated today as the automobile running-board.

Certainly there are still strikes and the threat of strikes. And there will break out now and then violent and messy situations which will try the public patience. But the general condition is substantially a healthy one. A certain measure of restraint and good will no longer seems to be regarded as a critical sign of weakness. Strength no longer seems to be rated by decibels, but by a negotiator's ability to convince the other fellow he is acting in good faith.

The economic struggle in America continues; but it seems apparent that the struggle is no longer between the giant segments of our society but within them. Battles for power and control are being fought within some of the large corporations, enlivened by wars in which the big prizes are stockholders' votes or proxies. Similarly, struggles for power are taking place within the large labor organizations. In each case public opinion seems to be playing an increasingly important part, judging by the dramatic efforts being made to inform the people concerning the partisan positions. And so long as the battleground involves public favor moderation seems neither implausible nor unnatural.

All in all, though, there are signs that America is now in a period that later historians may regard as an Age of Consent. The spirit of the age was strikingly illustrated for us in a recent conversation with a millionaire rancher in Southern California. We were

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talking about labor relations. The millionaire was optimistic.

"I'm not expecting any trouble," he said. "It helps when you can understand the next fellow's language. I understand the language of the fellows in the field because I was one of them not so long ago myself. I was one of the 'Okies' who came out here in 1936." —N. C.

White House School

THE culmination of more than a year's preparation and planning takes place next week in Washington, D.C., when the White House Conference on Education has its meeting. Two thousand delegates from every state and territory come together in a series of sessions to consider the central problems of our schools.

The scope of the Conference is indicated by the care that has gone into the work of organization. Countless thousands of American committees have already profited from conferences on the local level, of which the Washington Conference is but an extension. Based on these state and local efforts, the Conference is already a success—whatever the national meeting may do. For the big need in education today is for increased citizen awareness of and participation in the rebuilding of the nation's school system. There are vast new demands, with respect both to the prodigious increase in students and the enlarged requirements of education itself. The individual must have more education for effective and meaningful living, and the world asks more of the individual. Without mammoth citizen help the educators are unable to address themselves to more than a fraction of this problem. By creating a framework within which citizens could come together with professionals on a working level, the Conference has been addressing itself to the American school's greatest single need.

In our special section some weeks ago on the White House Conference on Education [*SR* Sept. 10] doubts were raised about the readiness of the Conference to consider questions relating to Federal Aid. These doubts were expressed as the result of discussions with various educators who were consulted in the course of editorial research for the special number.

Following publication of that number the editors have held discussions with Clint Pace, Director of the Conference, and members of his staff, on the subject of Federal Aid. Based on these discussions and on tangible materials published by the Conference we are convinced that the doubts concerning Federal Aid were unfounded. Certainly nothing could be more specific on the subject than the comprehensive working papers prepared by the Conference staff itself, in which the question of Federal Aid is included for extended discussion. The Conference summary definition of the differences of opinion regarding this question is fair and precise. *The Saturady Review* is pleased that its early apprehensions are without substance.

The White House Conference on Education, it must be emphasized, is not a Government agency charged with the operational responsibility for improving our schools. It is a question-asking and sight-raising affair which, in the very act of bringing people together, advances the cause of education in America. —N. C.

Bookmarks

OUR query about normal schools—*i.e.*, how they got to be *called* normal schools—has brought two interesting explanations from authorities in the field. This one is from Dr. Samuel Engle Burr, Jr., chairman of the Department of Education at the American University, Washington, D. C.:

> In the field of mathematics normal means perpendicular, or constructed at right angles. A line which is normal to another is perpendicular to it. To some extent this mathematical meaning of the word "normal" has been carried over into other fields of learning.
>
> Practically all of our early schoolmasters were reasonably well informed in the seven liberal arts: Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music. With such backgrounds of knowledge, it would seem natural, in the thinking of our earlier school and college people, that "normal" would have the connotation of being perpendicular, or at a right angle.
>
> Now to look at the field of education in America: in this country a fairly well-defined and continuous educational ladder began to develop from the beginning of the history of schools. The elementary school became the basic school for all children. Almost anyone who finished the elementary school could continue to climb the educational ladder, grade by grade, through the secondary school and on upward into the colleges and universities. The complete ladder of educational progress in America came to consist of some twenty consecutive grades or steps. (This is in sharp contrast to the situation in most European countries.)
>
> Teachers were needed for the American elementary schools, and for the secondary schools also. The training or preparation of teachers was not a regular or natural part of the American educational ladder, which always led upward, to the next higher grade. The training of teachers for the elementary schools in particular consisted of studies of methods (how to teach—not what to teach) and the development of a special training school along this line was at right angles to the usual ladder of educational progress. Hence, the schools for the training of teachers were called, in an earlier generation, *Normal Schools.*

Since "normal school" is a direct borrowing from "*école normale*," this letter from Dr. H. G. Good, professor emeritus, Ohio State University, is a pertinent document:

> The answer to your question was given by Horace Mann, among others. He said a normal school is to set a norm or standard of teaching skill and to bring prospective teachers up to it by a course of education.
>
> France does still use the term, copiously. L'Ecole Normale Supérieure, a department of the University of Paris, is an advanced school of science, noted for its eminent graduates.
>
> The public-school teachers for primary schools are prepared by primary normal schools, one for men and one for women teachers, making two primary normal schools in each *département.*
>
> The professors of the primary normal schools are prepared in two Ecoles Normales Primaires Supérieures, one at St. Cloud for men and the other at Fontenay-aux-Roses for women.

* * *

A friend of ours knows a man who is so counter-contrary-minded that he won't take yes for an answer.

* * *

Plenty of folks are named *Thatcher*, but are there any *Roofers*?—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIBERIA OBJECTS

THE ARTICLE "Pepper Coast Republic" [*SR* Sept. 24], which is made up of excerpts from the sections on Liberia in "Inside Africa," by John Gunther, is not in harmony with *SR*'s traditions of accuracy and truth. Travelogues on the West Coast of Africa are often written from the deck-chairs of ships. Some bolder souls write definitive guides as a result of a month's stay ashore at the local pubs. Mr. Gunther has surpassed them all by writing an "inside story" after spending only two days in Liberia. Liberia is a country in transition. The current cultural and political transformation is so rapid that a literary sketch is hardly valid a couple of days after it is made. Furthermore, deliberate efforts are being made in Liberia to insure that a pattern will emerge which will reflect a complex interaction of Western Civilization and African culture. A cursory glance through jaundiced eyes, not taking these things into account, is likely to see an incongruous, incomprehensible drama.

Mr. Gunther, without firsthand experience there, leans principally on second- and third-hand information, excerpts from partisan news organs published during the heat of a political campaign, for example, and to a lesser extent on a study of Liberia written by Raymond Leslie Buell entitled: "Liberia: A Century of Survival." He also uses files of the League of Nations Commission of Enquiry. More than anything else, however, he leans on Elizabeth Furbay's "Top Hats and Tom Toms."

The thoughts behind Dr. Buell's book are summarized in Buell's own words: "In the light of our present knowledge of the cultural and material differences between primitive and advanced groups, and of the danger in uprooting an individual from his cultural environment, it is almost miraculous that (Liberians) should have succeeded as well as they did in making a new life for themselves in West Africa." Further emphasizing the point Dr. Buell wrote: "Having diverse African backgrounds and languages these people (meaning the Negro settlers from America) were suddenly dumped into an entirely strange spot, marked by a severe tropical climate, great economic difficulties, and struggles with native tribes and foreign powers. It is an astonishing achievement that these people should have been able to maintain, particularly after the withdrawal of American direction in 1847, an independent Negro state."

Any balanced and complete reading of Buell's book will establish the relationship between Liberia's poverty, her difficulties, and the hostility with which colonial powers have consistently reacted to the independent countries of Africa. That Liberia lost a fourth of her territories to those powers is merely mentioned by Mr. Gunther *en passant*, as if there could be no social demoralization or evil economic consequences flowing from these century-long despoilments.

"Our sole advice to *you*, young man, is—marry into money."

The references to the exportation of labor and the Commission of Enquiry which touches a period now long past must be considered in context. The export and movement of labor under similar conditions were not exclusively a Liberian phenomenon. Nevertheless, when conditions were exposed which wounded the Liberian people's sensibilities drastic correctives were immediately instituted. Mr. Gunther has not given credit for acts of courage on the part of the Liberian people which stand in stark relief to situations where other national governments have been known to introduce and exercise corrective measures only gradually and piecemeal over a long period of time. Neither does he recall the morality of that day when certain members of the League of Nations invited Germany to take over Liberia as a colony in lieu of territories lost as a result of a world war in which Liberia had boldly participated on the side of the Allies.

Mr. Gunther's third and principal frame of reference is the twenty-year-old caricature of Liberia: "Top Hats and Tom Toms." The tales about a Liberian cabinet minister pilfering a cabbage or the Monrovia postmaster calling on foreign arrivals and demanding $100 to insure prompt mail deliveries, the use of top hats for stealing toilet paper, etc., certainly bring to memory similar little jokes in the apocryphal writings of Elizabeth Furbay. That book as well as Mr. Gunther's hasty survey of Liberia are intended to take the armchair Gulliver on a sensational journey into a never-never land 100 years out of step with the surrounding countryside. Here, in inert stagnation and laziness, he will find men who "work ten days a year," roads which are only bands of mud, hospitals that are pools of filth and ignorance, and corruption and inefficiency at a high premium. A keen imagination like Jules Verne's could conjecture such a story without the excuse of a two-day visit.

Out of fairness Mr. Gunther should have mentioned that Liberia spends a larger portion of her income for public health than any other country; that, in addition to having more than 200 students studying abroad, millions of dollars have been appropriated in cooperation with the Technical Cooperation Administration for a new mechanical and agricultural college; that a network of improved roads is being constructed from a $21,000,000 grant of credit by the Export-Import Bank.

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C. L. SIMPSON.
Liberian Ambassador to the United States.
New York, N.Y.

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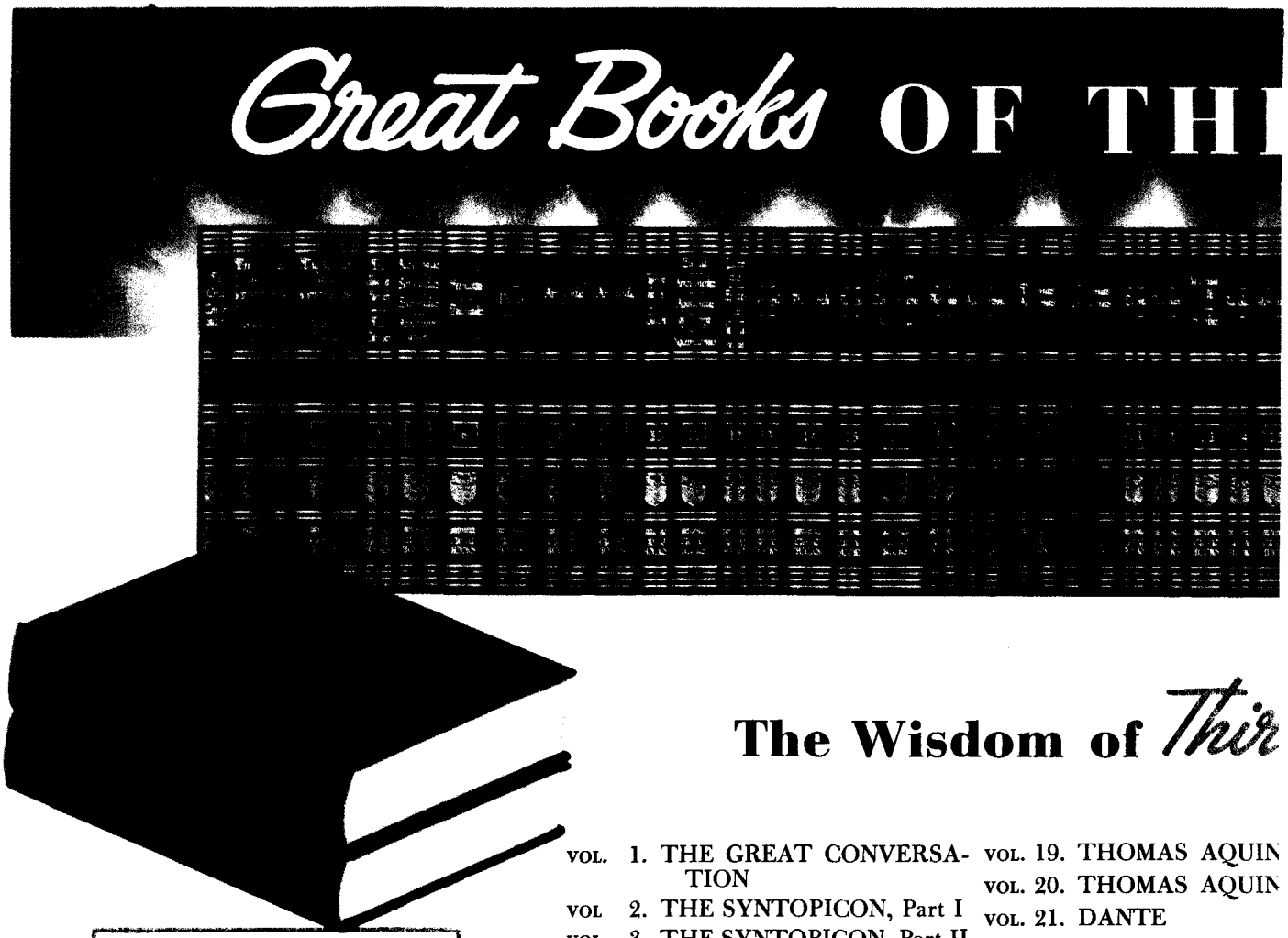

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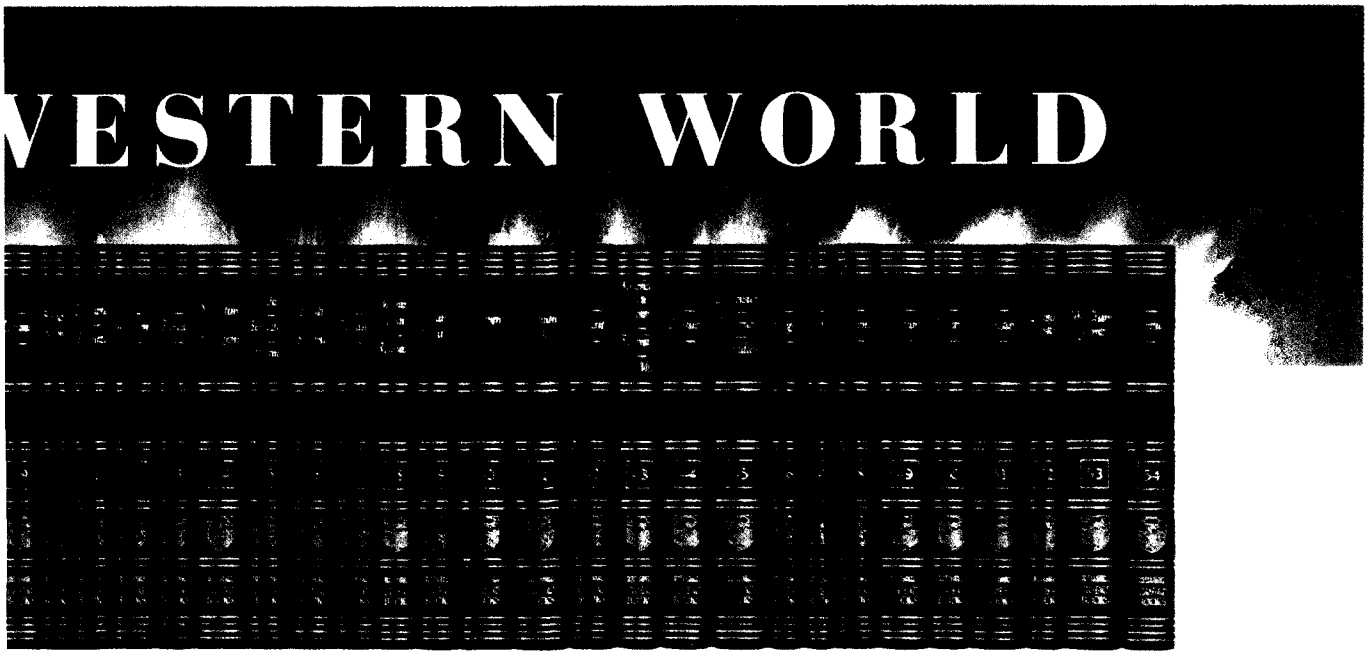

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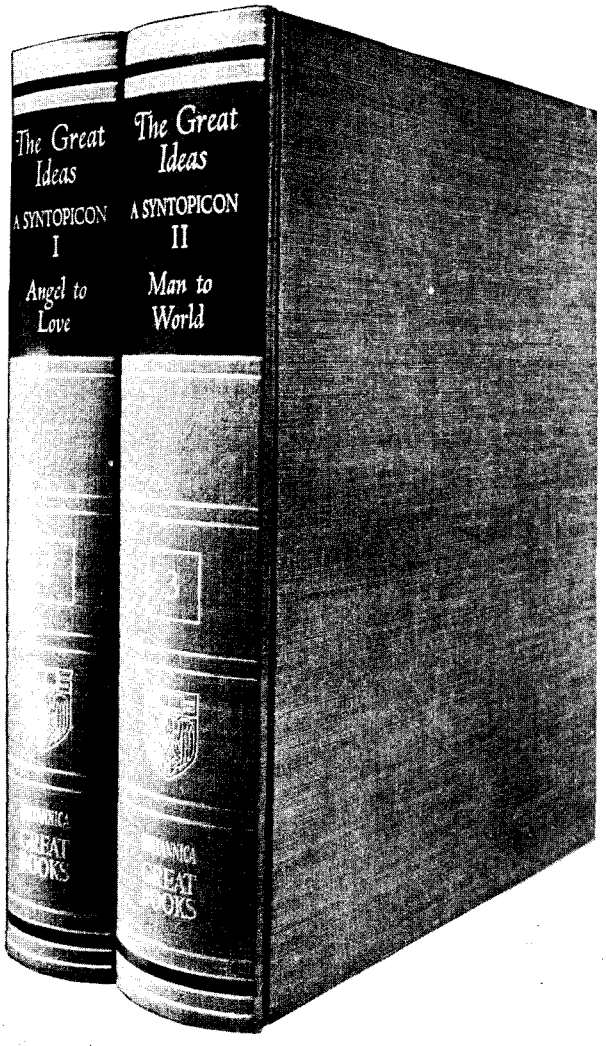

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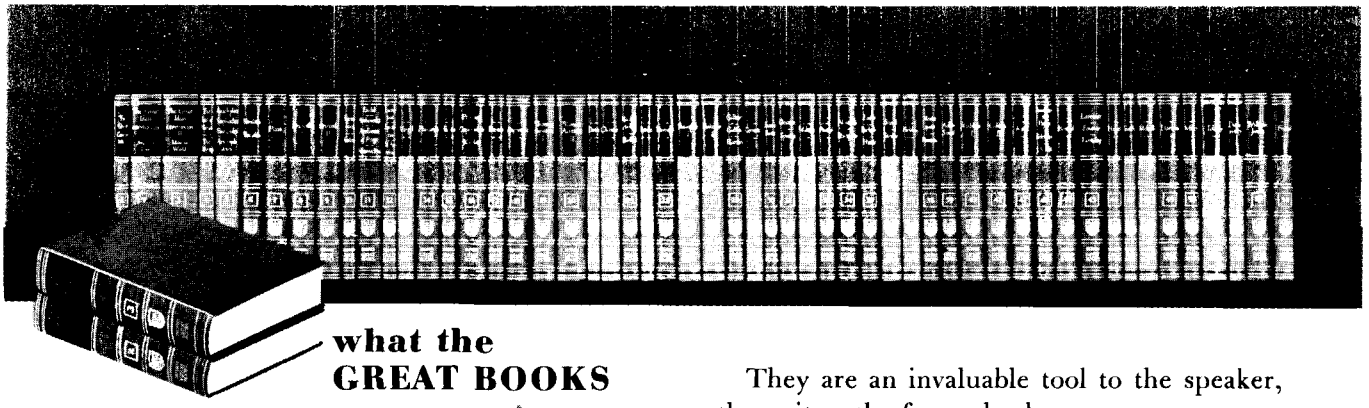

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Saturday Review

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RUSSIA

Commissar Curmudgeon's Mélange

"Notes for a Journal," by Maxim Litvinov *(William Morrow. 347 pp. $3.75), is a fascinating but unauthenticated collection of political reminiscences, which were purportedly written by a former high Soviet official. Our reviewer is Professor Sidney Harcave of Harpur College, author of "Russia, A History" and other books.*

By Sidney Harcave

AS Soviet memoirs go, we have had thus far the post-revolutionary political experiences of only one former member of the Politburo, one former member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and one former People's Commissar—and these three were all one, Leon Trotsky.

Those other Communist leaders who have ventured into the field of autobiography have usually dealt only with their prerevolutionary past and warily stopped short at the Soviet period.

But Maxim Litvinov, to whom "Notes for a Journal" is ascribed, was for many years a Central Committeeman and People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs, and his personal record of those years—if authenticated—would be a valuable addendum to our limited knowledge of the USSR from within.

As a book his supposed "Notes for a Journal" is a mélange of trivial and important items, all of them interesting. There is a description of the Politburo debating Soviet policy on the Spanish Civil War and there is an account of how two intelligence agencies paid large sums for two versions of the Tanaka Memorial (both of which turned out to be forgeries). Here one also finds Stalin discoursing on the uses of policemen, Kamenev displaying a tongue so sharp that it might be expected to sever his head from his body, and still another version of the death of Stalin's second wife. One finds former Politburocrat Bubnov being divorced for permitting his child to be baptized but continuing to live in sin with his ex-wife and the leader Stolz, who was in charge of Party discipline, a-tremble with fear because his sister made *gefilte fisch*. One watches a group of commissars' wives at a seance summoning up the materialistic ghost of Karl Marx, and one finds Litvinov himself expressing preference for a weak anti-Soviet Germany rather than a strong, friendly one.

True or false, the notes reveal the vigorous personality of a Russo-Jewish curmudgeon who is keenly appreciative of his own virtue, sensitive to criticism, and impatient with all those of weaker attributes. It would be a pity if so intriguing a book should prove to be pure fabrication.

But the publishers of "Notes for a Journal" candidly state that they cannot vouch for its authenticity. They can vouch only for the fact that "a group of Russians in Paris" came into possession of the typescript of the material, which was allegedly dictated by Litvinov at various times from 1926 to 1950 and deposited by him with a Soviet envoy to Sweden who died three years ago, Mme. Kollontai. E. H. Carr, who was asked to judge the authenticity of the document before its original publication in England, is inclined to believe after examining the typescript and talking to persons who knew something of its history that part of it is possibly genuine and that the other part is probably spurious. Yet neither Mr. Carr nor the publishers explain how the document came into the hands of its purveyors, and the identification of them as merely "a group of Russians in Paris" invites caution, especially since Paris has long been known as one of the major centers for the fabrication of Soviet documents.

SO THE consideration of the book's authenticity must center on the problem of credibility. It is difficult to believe that Litvinov would have made the numerous errors of fact which are scattered throughout the work—*e.g.*, that the Politburo decided in 1926 to prepare for an early Communist seizure of power in China. Actually it is an established fact that the Politburo firmly rejected such a course.

Mr. Carr suggests that errors may be part of the embroidery added to the original text. But even if Mr. Carr's suggestion is granted there is still the doubt raised by the out-of-focus character of much of the work. Some of the outstanding events of Litvinov's career are ignored while insidious gossip, personal grudges, and intimate relations are fulsomely discussed. Credulity is further strained by the fact that the reader is asked to accept the idea that a Soviet leader would risk the danger involved in keeping secret notes. Against all doubts, however, one must admit that Litvinov while still in the service of the Soviet Government in 1946 told both Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith and American correspondent Richard Hottelet of his opposition to Soviet policy. Such a man may have dared to leave an inside record for the world.

For MHS

By Jesse Stuart

SOFT, velvet grass erases all the scar
Where she now lies embedded for the night,
Beneath the sun, the ambient wind and star . . .
Amid the grass, her yuccas blossom white.
Her eyes have seen before these in their season
But cannot see them blossom now for her;
The quilt that she lies under is the reason,
So close where they and winds of April stir . . .
Hands that once plucked the yuccas for bouquets,
Each day, the vase refilled in every room,
Cannot reach through the walls of Plum Grove clay,
To touch again and fondle yucca bloom,
Nor can their white-hair roots reach to her bed.
She and her flowers must remain apart,
Her living yuccas and the wreaths we spread,
Garlands of beauty too far from her heart.

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Red Tentacles

***"Soviet Espionage," by David J. Dallin** (Yale University Press. 558 pp. $5.75), is a sober historian's account of Russian spying which, though its author tries to avoid the dramatic, contains enough material for a hundred or so thrillers. Our reviewer is Anatole Shub, managing editor of* The New Leader.

By Anatole Shub

IN HIS newest book, "Soviet Espionage," David J. Dallin declares that his aim is "accurate description rather than the dramatic presentation of a 'spy story'." And he has fulfilled this aim, for he has given us the definitive history of Soviet espionage to date. His carefully annotated, thoroughly objective book can be used as a source in any university in the free world for, interestingly enough, it is a book short on preaching and polemic and long on documents, dates, places, and names.

Nevertheless, the book does contain the material of at least a hundred movie thrillers. The index includes the names of about a thousand Soviet agents who have operated in a score of countries over the last thirty-seven years and, though the Soviets continue to deny that they have ever dirtied their proletarian hands in what they regard as "bourgeois" espionage, they have done so to an extent which few powers in history can match. As the Soviet Union itself has slowly shed its revolutionary heritage, so its espionage apparatus has become more "bourgeois" and traditional in character. Distinguished in the 1920s by such radical innovations as the *rabcor* or worker-correspondent, today, as Mr. Dallin shows, "Soviet intelligence must more and more revert to the old type of conventional spy, a person "with no distinct Communist background."

Early in Soviet history two spy networks—one for the state-security agencies and one for the military intelligence—adopted intelligent rules against utilizing local Communist Party facilities, though in time of stress, particularly in the anti-Hitler struggle, Moscow's rules were repeatedly broken in the field. But actually, according to Mr. Dallin, Russia's most valuable source of information in World War II was no slogan-shouting Marxist, but the thoroughly professional "Lucy" (real name: Rudolf Rossler), whose "career as a Soviet spy started with the tacit knowledge of the Swiss general staff, and no doubt with the knowledge of British intelligence chiefs." Unlike the Communists of the German *Rote Kapelle*, who were trapped and used against their former employers by the Gestapo early in the war, "Lucy" worked with great success until the spring of 1944. His story, even in Mr. Dallin's scholarly prose, reads like a Hitchcock spectacular.

Altogether, a complete account of Soviet espionage and "security" activities abroad would if it included Asia and Latin America fill four volumes this size. Mr. Dallin has reserved the "security" story—involving such weighty matters as the infiltration of anti-Communist movements, the hounding of Trotsky, Krivitsky, Kravchenko, and so forth—for a later volume. In the present book he concentrates on key areas which epitomize the Soviet effort: France in the Twenties, Germany in the Thirties, the Swiss and German networks during the war, the fringes of the Iron Curtain since the war, and, of course, Canada and the United States over the last two decades. To illuminate these areas he not only combed the literature of several languages but he also secured new and detailed eye-witness accounts from former Communists, former Soviet agents, and former and present police and intelligence officials throughout the Western world. After cross-checking these thoroughly he preferred in almost all cases to accept the most conservative version, and his observations on these are consistently moderate and sensible. His conclusion—that "the Soviet spy network is formidable in size but limited in efficiency"—will satisfy neither the pro-Communist nor McCarthyite myth-makers, but it is amply substantiated by the myriad of facts which as a knowledgeable and careful historian he has assembled.

Marguerite Higgins—"without illusions."

Soviet Sojourn

***"Red Plush and Black Bread," by Marguerite Higgins** (Doubleday. 256 pp. $4), is a well-known foreign correspondent's report on her recent ten-week—and 13,000 mile—trip through Russia. Our reviewer, Vice Admiral Leslie C. Stevens USN (Ret.), served for two years as U. S. Naval attache in Moscow after World War II.*

By Leslie C. Stevens

ALTHOUGH Marguerite Higgins was in the Soviet Union for only ten weeks her visit has given us a book that is head and shoulders above the usual result of a short-term visit. It is an observant, penetrating account of those ten weeks, all of it clear-eyed and written without apologetics or illusions, and yet it is not lacking in sympathy.

The fact that Miss Higgins had the unusual opportunity of extensive travel in the Soviet Union (over 13,000 miles of it) has little to do with these excellences, for her book is not concerned with travel aspects. It makes little difference whether the factories, fashion shows, and maternity homes that she appraises are in Great Russia or the Ukraine, or whether her encounters with a woman shot-putter—or the great ballerina Ulanova or the police or the chance citizens she meets everywhere—are in Moscow or Asia. Miss Higgins is primarily interested in the conditions of life, in what the people think of them, and why. As a writer she is sensitive to the fundamental error of the Soviet experiment: "In many other areas of the world far greater progress has been made without enslaving anybody," she writes.

There is one historical error. It was the Crimean Tartars who were expelled from the Crimea by the Soviet regime and not the Chechen-Ingushi, who, although they suffered a similar fate, were among the many nations of the Caucasus. Since it is not necessary to have been in the Soviet Union to know this, mention is made of it here so that others who notice the error will not assume that there are comparable mistakes elsewhere in the book. This reviewer is unaware of other errors, and there is only one opinion which does not seem to him to be adequately founded—that Zhukov's position necessarily indicates a "marked rise in the post-Stalin period of the influence of the professional military." After all, Zhukov is a long-time Party member. But Miss Higgins manages well when she

(*Continued on page* 48)

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HISTORY

Devoted Opportunist

***"Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman," by A. J. P. Taylor** (Alfred A. Knopf. 286 pp. $4.75), is a new biography which provides a highly readable (and long-needed) account of the career of the famous "Iron Chancellor." It is reviewed here by Professor Gordon A. Craig of Princeton, author of "The Diplomats, 1919-1932."*

By Gordon A. Craig

OTTO VON BISMARCK was Minister President of Prussia from 1862 to 1867, Chancellor of the North German Confederation from the latter date until 1871, and thereafter until 1890 Chancellor of the German Empire. In the years before 1871 he more than any other single individual was the creator of German unity; in the later period he was the author of the diplomatic system which preserved the European peace during his lifetime and he was, among other things, the inspirer of the first modern system of Government-sponsored social security legislation.

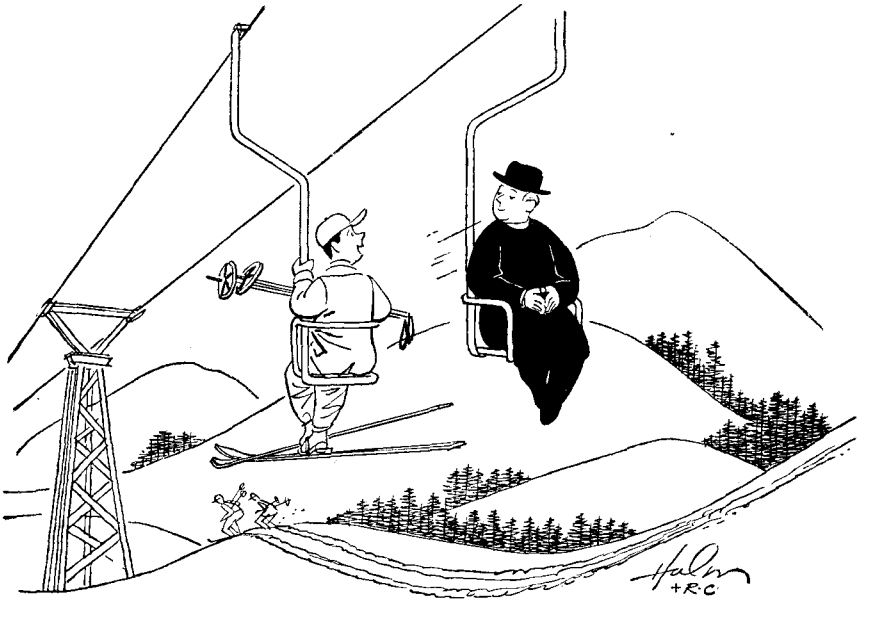
Now in "Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman" A. J. P. Taylor does two things excellently. He provides a long-needed account in English of the main facts of Bismarck's career, an account which is at once readable, up to date (that is, based on all the available Bismarck materials), and balanced (in the sense that it treats the domestic aspects of its subject's career as carefully as the foreign and the later phases of his career as fully as the achievements before 1871). In the second place, he paints a fascinating portrait of one of the most complicated personalities in an age which was filled with gifted and original minds.

Bismarck was not content to let his record speak for itself. In various utterances during his active career and in the memoirs which he composed during his retirement he sought to convey the impression that he was a selfless and dedicated statesman, devoted to his sovereign and his nation, and guided in his policies by God rather than Mammon, by reason rather than emotion, and by principle rather than desire for personal advantage. Especially after 1871 Bismarck's contemporaries were willing to accept this estimate of Germany's greatest modern statesman.

Yet, as Mr. Taylor points out, this was hardly a true estimate. The son of a gifted and highly sophisticated mother, whom he disliked, and an easy-going, slow-witted country squire, with whom he had little in common but whose appearance and habits he sought to copy, Bismarck was both genius and neurotic. Masquerading all his life as the typical phlegmatic Junker, the "Iron Chancellor" was in reality a bundle of nerves, given to long periods of solitary brooding and to nights in which he "lay awake hating," and prone in moments of crisis to uncontrollable waves of fury and fits of hysterical weeping. A master in the field of diplomacy, he was more the opportunist than the man of clearly defined principle. Indeed, on one occasion he spoke of principles as being an encumbrance to the statesman; they were, he said, like a long pole held in the mouth of a man who was trying to make his way through a dense forest.

IN domestic affairs his opportunism was even more pronounced than in the foreign field, and this led him to indulge in sudden changes of course which in retrospect seem to have been motivated more by a desire to save his own position and to discredit his enemies than by anything else. That he was devoted to the State is doubtless true, but he always claimed the right to define the best interests of the State himself, just as in his frequent claim that he was only doing God's work he always seemed to know God's purpose a good deal better than did apparently God Himself. His devotion to his emperor was always most marked when the ruler was agreeing with him; on other occasions Bismarck was capable in private of speaking of his sovereign in the most opprobrious terms. Whatever loyalty and affection he possessed he reserved for a very few friends of his youth and for his family, but it is worth noting that for private political advantage he did not hesitate to prevent his eldest son's marriage and to persuade him to abandon a promising diplomatic career.

Bismarck could on occasion be the most charming of companions; but it is difficult for anyone who has spent much time studying his life and career to think of him as an admirable person. Mr. Taylor pays tribute to his subject's undoubted genius as a diplomat; but if he has a kind of esthetic admiration for Bismarck's adroitness, he tempers this with a firm conviction that the methods employed by Bismarck to gain his ends were often reprehensible. He points out also that the very magnitude of Bismarck's achievements led his German admirers to glorify "realism" at the expense of principle, and authority at the expense of liberalism and democracy. Mr. Taylor's chapter on the corrosive effects of the Bismarckian tradition in Germany's intellectual development is not the least interesting part of this highly provocative study.



"Going all the way, Father?"

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Past Unprejudiced

"Modern Historians and the Study of History," by F. M. Powicke *(Oxford University Press. 256 pp. $2.60), and* ***"Use and Abuse of History," by Pieter Geyl*** *(Yale University Press. 100 pp. $2.50), are two books which take up the interesting question of how to write truthfully about history. Here the volumes are reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and other books.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

THE responsibility of the historian toward his craft and his public are questions all serious writers ponder unceasingly. How much of the past is it possible to recover? What research techniques are most dependable? How completely can the inquirer divest himself of contemporary predilections? How neutral can he be when judging the mores of alien eras? How neutral should he try to be?

The two books under review here are both largely concerned with these dilemmas and the attempts that eminent thinkers have made to solve or evade them. Though dissimilar in their methods, both Sir Maurice Powicke and Professor Geyl reveal how some historians, seeking refuge in facts, fall to counting grains of sand, how some re-edit the past to vindicate a present cause, and how some dissolve and reform the past to substantiate some doctrinaire philosophy.

Sir Maurice Powicke has long been famous in England as an authority on the Middle Ages as well as on more recent times. Half the essays and papers that comprise his volume deal with problems of historical study and the other half are tributes to noted historians of the last seventy years, most of whom Professor Powicke knew personally. In discussing their careers and contributions he traces the factors and the influences that have helped to give contemporary historical writing its professional character.

Sir Maurice is a master of the unemphatic British style and of casual sentences that unfold as if artlessly joined to carry his undirected thoughts. Yet each paragraph, each sentence, is evidence of the patient care with which he has sought out acceptable words, and each unstressed judgment is a triumph of sober discernment. Some of his quiet verdicts on men and methods impart that tingle with which one recognizes the finality of perfection—as when he mentions how "York Powell tumbled out the rich spoils won by his buccaneering mind." Or when, rejecting the narrow dogmatism of a strictly economic interpretation of politics, he observes, "There is a sort of dulness so intense that it must be false."

Pieter Geyl's "Use and Abuse of History" is less than half as long as the Powicke volume, but it is broader in focus. In this volume, which is a collection of the Terry Lectures delivered by Professor Geyl at Yale in 1954, one encounters the same gentle but obstinate distrust of doctrinaire conclusions that distinguished the late Carl Becker. He has the same gift of peering through a logical facade and of showing how often a verdict of historical necessity is a personal prejudice. Reading these lectures one realizes why Professor Geyl could not accept Arnold Toynbee. He cannot accept the likelihood that history when its "pattern" is discovered will oblige the inquirer by confirming his prefigurement of it so neatly.

Yet Professor Geyl is far from being a cynic. He insists repeatedly that the study of the past objectively pursued can make men wiser, and that this is the use of history. But to misread or misapply the lessons of the past is an abuse of history. In his final pages he expresses a modest wish that Americans, especially American statesmen, knew more about the history of Europe. "They might not in that case talk so lightly about European federation."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 647

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 647 will be found in the next issue.

FIND NAWB FN ENCWI

AEQF AEKBF NAWB

FN ENDOW.

SDINP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 646

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

—DUCHESS DE ABRANTES.

—From "The Sunset of the Splendid Century."

The Duc du Maine—"hot-house world."

Tender Bourbon

"The Sunset of the Splendid Century," by W. H. Lewis *(William Sloane. 320 pp. $5), is a sympathetic biography of a French nobleman who through the years has suffered at the hands of previous chroniclers. Our reviewer, Leo Gershoy, is professor of history at New York University.*

By Leo Gershoy

THE Duc du Maine, eldest son of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan, deserved more than he obtained from life. And considerably more contends his sympathetic biographer than he received from the vindictive St. Simon, whose poisonous pen picture of du Maine has long been accepted as authentic. In the St. Simon version the Duc du Maine emerges as crafty, limping hypocrite who worms his way into Louis XIV's heart and insidiously places himself, notwithstanding his illegitimacy, into line for succession to the throne.

W. H. Lewis, the author of the newly published "The Sunset of the Splendid Century," is otherwise minded, and most pungently so; and as he follows the career of the young prince he reserves his sharpest barbs for St. Simon. The mood of this new biography is almost elegaic, and it is humane and understanding.

One cause of the unfulfilled promi

(*Continued on page* 50)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Import Report

BROADWAY'S contribution to the theatre week was limited to the Theatre Guild's production of **"The Heavenly Twins,"** an adaptation of Albert Husson's "Paves du Ciel." The play concerns a wife who has made up her mind to shoot her constantly unfaithful husband. The husband tries to convince her by means of a long flash-forward that this murder would be futile because, though she might be acquitted, she would repeat the same mistakes with another rascal like himself. This flash-forward is the basis for a lot of fun with the soul of the dead husband, who is transmogrified into a grandfather clock (in the French it was a writing table), and a great deal of teasing talk on the subject of infidelity. Some of it is clever dialogue translated into American by an anonymous adapter (Louis Kronenberger asked that his name be removed from the program after many of the original lines were deleted on the grounds that they were not laugh-getters and some wisecracks not his own inserted). A sample of the kind of humor still there from the original is: She: "I bet you wear elevator shoes?" He: "Yes, but by the time I take them off it's too late." But the atmosphere in which this sort of wit flourishes is fatally polluted by cute remarks alien to the script's mood.

While the failure of M. Husson's boulevard trifle is in itself no grave matter, "The Heavenly Twins" does bring up a perplexing problem for American producers who would import the cream of Paris entertainment. The necessity of transforming light wit into heavyweight American jokes is bad enough, but the inability of most American performers to deliver this special kind of dialogue is even worse. Faye Emerson in the leading role never manages to play the delicate harpsichord with more than one thumb. In embarrassing contrast is Jean Pierre Aumont, who plays the part he created in Paris, showing the style this sort of thing requires—as does his countryman Marcel Hillaire in the lesser role of a heavenly messenger.

Director Cyril Ritchard has, where he can, contributed some of the style he himself so beautifully achieves when he is the actor, and the character of the lawyer is played by Drew Thompson with Ritchard giggles and foppishness. Eldon Elder's set remains lovely and properly Parisian throughout the evening. "The Heavenly Twins," unfortunately, does not.

* * *

Considerably more substantial theatre is being offered off-Broadway. At the Fourth Street Theatre there is a revival of **"The Cherry Orchard."** While the casting of fussy performers in the role of Madame Ranevsky, who emerges as a coy melodramatic snob, and in the role of Gaev, who seems a conniving hothead, jars Chekhov's gyroscopic equilibrium, there still remain moments when "The Cherry Orchard" finds its time-stopping magic. The student's long speech about the future delivered with eye-shining passion by Gerald Hiken is one of them, and the dance preceding the bad news of the cherry orchard's sale is another.

In this dance director David Ross has used the changing of partners as an opportunity to get each character to exhibit different facets of his nature in relation to the others. Nancy Wickwire, who as Varya holds herself down a bit too much in the early part of the play, does flare up nicely on the line "A student should be intelligent." Leonardo Cimino plays Yasha as a *vaudeville,* but though his artifices are bright they do not help illuminate the play.

Credit to Stark Young for his anachronism-free translation, and to designer Zwi Geyra for the way he puts a Russian estate on the Fourth Street's small sandwich stage and at the same time keeps us aware of the essential dramatic forces of the great play.

* * *

A less ambitious but more fully realized off-Broadway project is the current production of Shaw's **"A Village Wooing"** at the Davenport. Subtitled by Shaw "An Unladylike Comedietta for Two Voices in Three Conversations by a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature" this 1933-vintage Shaw goes back to his early concern about the relations between intellectual man and life-force-driven woman, and in 1933 he had the benefit of ripened theatre-experience. As produced by Eli Rill it becomes a marvelous mixture of dry fun, stubborn wit, and delicious ro-

mance. After a well-intentioned but unsatisfactory sequence of patched-together Shavian bits which provide a curtain-raiser to be skipped by late diners, two young performers named Roberts Blossom and Janine Manatis take over with the best Shavian acting New York has seen in a long time. Mr. Blossom, as the strongminded writer of travel guidebooks, manages to be both caustic and affectionate, and Miss Manatis as the aspiring proprietress of an English village store is simultaneously predatory and winning.

* * *

A little farther off Broadway the Yale University Drama Department has presented five highly entertaining performances of Sean O'Casey's **"Cock-a-Doodle Dandy."** This wonderful piece of 1949 O'Casey has never got to Broadway for several reasons. In the first place, it is violently satirical about such things as the Roman Catholic Church and capital's exploitation of labor. But, more important, it calls for a cast of Irish actors who can play with a situation the way only good burlesque comics here learn to do.

Independent institutes of higher learning don't have to worry about stepping on toes. And some of our drama schools are turning out actors better equipped to face the problems of Irish dialect than most professionals, which dampens the second objection. There were times when Phil Bruns and Bernard Kukoff as the two superstitious Irish provincials became immensely funny, and Donald Kuhlman was uproarious as the crawthumper who attempts to exorcise the devil with his phony Latin. Director Frank McMullan and designer Henry Lowenstein collaborated beautifully to make compatible O'Casey's challenging mixture of down-to-earth reality, serious indictment, erotic fancy, and comic raillery. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Vittorio de Senectute

THE PROBLEMS of the aged have rarely been touched upon by the film-makers, who would rather show us old folks basking in the twilight of their lives or nothing at all. For old people, when you get to know them, can be pretty cantankerous, and the film-maker who wants his audiences to know them as they are must walk a narrow line between the maudlin and the downright unsympathetic. Italy's Vittorio de Sica, director of "Shoe Shine" and "Bicycle Thief," has chosen to walk that line in **"Umberto D."** (Harrison) and, considering the possibilities, has come off extremely well indeed.

Umberto D., an old pensioner, is lonely, somewhat embittered, slightly eccentric, living with his dog in the same shabby rented room that has been his home for twenty years or more. His one friend is the little slavey in his apartment; and his only tangible enemy the formidable landlady who wants to throw him out to make way for more profitable tenants. But she is an enemy primarily in her indifference to his needs, to the wretchedness of his condition. Aside from her personal vindictiveness, it would be difficult to decide whether to blame her more for wanting her rent and arrears or to blame the miserly governmental stipend that provides insufficient means for its ex-employes to live in dignity after their years of usefulness are over. And always implicit is the assumption that if we could only bring ourselves to probe a little beneath the surface, if we would only try to tear down the walls that separate person from person, all this heartache and tragedy would disappear.

This feeling comes out repeatedly in "Umberto D." The landlady is far too concerned with her impending marriage and her rents to worry about what will become of the old man. His former colleagues at the office have their own problems; they don't want to hear his troubles. When Umberto is forced by tonsilitis to go to a hospital—where he would like to remain a while to save on his food bills—the doctors concentrate on clearing up the spots on his throat; while a knowledgeable inmate from an adjacent bed indicates that the Sister may be able to prolong his stay a little if he will just ask her for a rosary. But Umberto is no less obtuse in his own relationships, too wrapped up in his own difficulties, with that terrible egocentrism that old people have, to realize the needs of others. He harries his landlady. When Maria, the maid, is worried sick because she is pregnant and unmarried all he can think about is the safety of his little dog. In the end, when he contemplates suicide, it is with his one faithful friend, the dog.

There is an innate dignity in the face of Umberto D., the face of a sensitive, intelligent man, but somewhat less in the character that de Sica has drawn for him. And in that, too, he is human.

* * *

A far more commercial kind of realism is to be found in **"The Big Knife"** (United Artists), an adaptation of Clifford Odets's bitterly anti-Hollywood play of a few years back. In this one we are asked to commiserate with a popular actor who wants to do "better things" than his studio seems prepared to offer. His producer threatens to send him to jail if he refuses to sign a new long-term contract, knowing he has killed a man in a drunken accident. Faced with these alternatives, the actor carries on in his sunken living room as if he were being sold down the river to Simon Legree—an impression augmented by the fact that no one gets around to mentioning the probable six-figure salary if he unwillingly signs.

Despite the preposterous premise of this story, and a script that clings rather too close to the language and structure of the original play, Robert Aldrich has created a taut and superbly acted melodrama. Jack Palance, although miscast as the actor, plays him with a desperate, haunted intensity. Rod Steiger, with close-cropped gray hair, immaculate clothes, and a hearing aid, makes the producer's suavely-veiled menace horribly convincing. Indeed, the entire cast, headed by Wendell Corey, Ida Lupino, Everett Sloan, and, in for a tremendously effective few moments as a studio call-girl, Shelley Winters—all manage to rise far above Odets's overblown dialogue and supercharged plotting. Between them they transform "The Big Knife's" implausible plot into a vividly realistic exposé of Hollywood, one that will unquestionably —and unfortunately—be interpreted as just that. Shall we now weigh the social values of Mr. Aldrich's kind of realism against those of Mr. de Sica?

—Arthur Knight.

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TV AND RADIO

All Alone at the Telethon

THIS is a very minority report on a television program I watched a couple of Saturday nights ago. When the rave notices appeared the following morning I found myself miserably alone in my opinion of this miniature, ninety-minute telethon.

And I find myself now almost—but not quite—ashamed to admit my inability to concur with the universally rhapsodic reviews which implied that we would all be more than happy to pay off the final instalment on our sets now that television in its infinite wisdom had seen fit to send us this program. Here at last, the consensus had it, was a program which transcended anything that had gone before, with a further implication that if we expected ever to see anything that equaled it we might as well throw out our sets and wait around for a new medium.

What particularly titillated everyone, but miserable me, was the acerbic wit, the brittle dialogue, the memorable humor in which this program was said to abound. Unfortunately for those of you who did not see the show, I happen to remember two or three samples of facetiae culled from this extravaganza. However, in justice to my miserable self I will not mention the names of the performers or the title of the program, because quite often a most banal quip of the trite and true variety becomes a gem of rare sparkle simply because of the high and universal reputation of its creator.

And so that you may judge these samples of acerbic wit, brittle dialogue, and memorable humor on their merits alone, and also to protect my own miserable reputation as an oracle of the medium, I will cloak the names of the two performers in anonymity by calling them respectively Jones and Smith. Mary Jones and Noel Smith.

Now for the samples as I recall them:

MARY: You sang that before I was born.

NOEL: That is untrue. I did not sing that before you were born.

MARY: Oh plop.

NOEL: I may have sung it while you were being born.

MARY: Oh double plop.

NOEL: What was that play you appeared in on television before? Something of our teeth?

MARY: Skin.

NOEL: Skin.

(They touch palms in the manner of two bebops shaking hands.)

NOEL: At this moment 3,000 women are bending over 3,000 desks in Nebraska writing you letters of protest.

MARY: Oh plop. There aren't 3,000 desks in Nebraska.

I have several more but I realize it's unfair to quote jokes out of context. But the quips cited here are eminently fair samples, with perhaps a "plop" or a "double plop" out of its original context. And Noel Smith may have spoken truer than he figured when he said there would be protests from Nebraska and then gave Mary Jones the line: "There aren't 3,000 desks in Nebraska." That same evening Mr. Smith sang a lyric about Texas, and Miss Jones sang a burlesque version of "Madame Butterfly," which not only lost us Nebraska but Texas and Japan as well.

As the ninety minutes wore on the viewing audience, according to the ratings that night, dwindled. The comment on that was the usual cry that goes up. It was said that perhaps Mr. Smith and Miss Jones were too smart, too sophisticated for popular consumption. It is interesting to note that when the George Gobel show first appeared last year there was some talk about that show being too smart for popular consumption. Strangely enough, that was the very show the viewers turned to this year over the Smith-Jones opus.

Perhaps if I gave you the real names of the performers that Saturday night you would think less harshly of the quips I have mentioned. Just as you would if I told you that at a dinner party the other evening when Groucho Marx was asked by his hostess if he would like a chicken liver he replied: "No, nor anybody's."

Can't you just picture Groucho's lifted eyebrows, the cigar twirling at his lips, and that fiendish look in his eye? It gives the quip a lot of stature, doesn't it?

Now watch it deflate. It was only miserable me who said it.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Reopening the Vienna Opera House

Tilly Losch has attained distinction in such varied areas as the serious theatre ("Midsummer Night's Dream"), the musical stage ("The Band Wagon"), the films ("The Good Earth"), and painting exhibitions.

By TILLY LOSCH

VIENNA.

WHEN I was a little girl of six, a ballet *elève* at the Vienna State Opera, I used to climb the iron staircase to the very top of the opera house to get fitted for my shoes. We had to pass through the costume room—thousands and thousands of costumes—that seemed like a land of pure enchantment to a child. At the very top, right under the roof, was the shoemaker. He looked like a witch and he used to scowl at my feet. I was terrified of him. The shoemaker is gone, like the opera house itself. The new $10,000,000 *Staatsoper* which opened early in November is not the old one nor is it a new one. So much is the same, so much is different that it was almost a frightening experience to come back to it. The other day I climbed again to the top, up the backstairs, where there used to be wooden benches on every landing. Girls would sit there and cry when their hearts were broken, which was quite often. Tears have always been fashionable in Vienna and they still are.

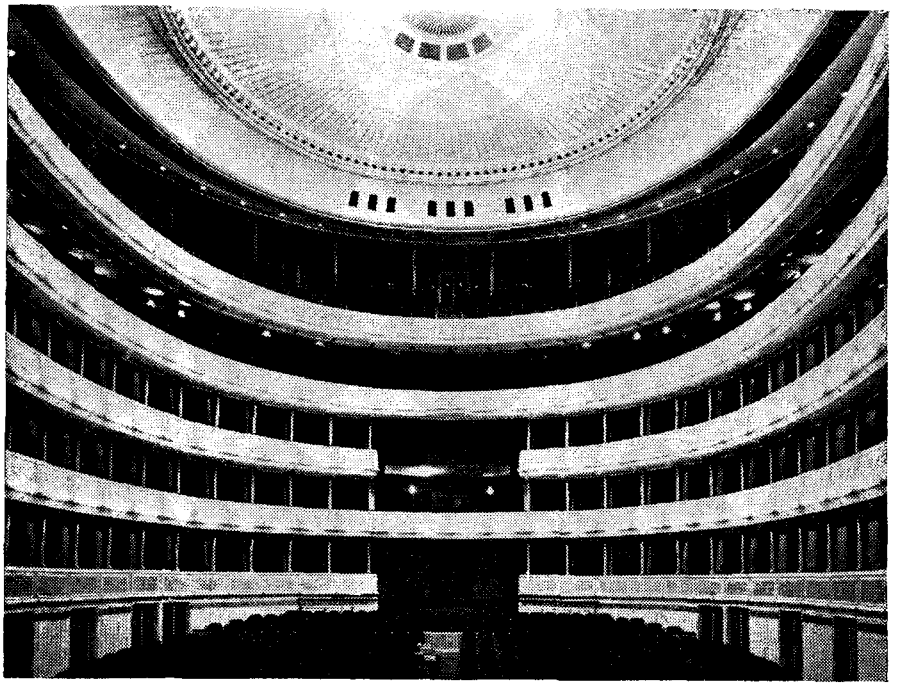
This then is the opera house in which I virtually lived for thirty years, first as a ballet student, then as a member of the *corps de ballet*, and finally as a solo dancer. Quite frankly, I expected to be heartbroken by the changes. I was not. What has gone should have gone and what has stayed should have stayed. Where the shoemaker once sat is now a light and airy ballet rehearsal hall. The wooden benches have gone and that is a pity, and they have added a public-address system and that is a pity, too. But the interior is still red and gold and white—much redder and golder and whiter than it ever was before. The magnificent grand staircase—a miraculous change of wind saved it from the fire that destroyed the rest of the building after bombing by American planes late in the war—is still there, repolished, regilded, and altogether splendid.

Winston Churchill has said that while the rest of the countries were building housing developments the Viennese were rebuilding their opera house. Why should a nation of 7,000,000 spend a great deal of money (representing even more, here, than anywhere else) and ten years' effort to rebuild an opera house? It's hard to explain to the outsider, but the reasons were apparent even before the first performance. When the great iron curtain rose last Saturday Austria, which hasn't been a nation since Hitler marched across the border in 1939, was reborn. Austria hasn't got much but it still has the world's greatest opera house, from which it derives a spiritual nourishment inconceivable from any other source.

And the Viennese have a subject of conversation which has been greatly strained by the ten years during which opera has had to make do in the antique Theatre an der Wien. Coming back after a lengthy absence, I was happy to discover that music is still discussed here with the ferocity reserved elsewhere for politics. The opera house—and this is a good omen—was a subject of controversy even before it opened. (It always was.) In the cafes music-lovers sat fiercely arguing the choice of "Fidelio" for the opening performance. (The choice, obviously, was related not wholly to musical merit, but to its symbolic preachment of *Freiheit*, freedom, for a nation which had just gotten rid of both Russians and Americans.) The iron curtain—in the opera house, now—is being roundly denounced. In short, opera is alive again in Vienna.

This aliveness has communicated itself to the city. The ugly scaffolding which surrounded the huge structure on the Ring has finally disappeared and for days before the opening the Viennese walked round and round the revealed miracle (it still looks much too new and white outside), peering in the leaded glass windows, trying to open doors which were all carefully locked, and speculating on the choice of Karl Böhm as opening-night conductor for "Fidelio."

IN THE press praise was almost uniform for the performance of the Beethoven opera, which had to compete for its share of attention with one of the most glittering, self-important audiences ever assembled under one roof. A reservation was expressed by Heinrich Kralik in *Die Presse*, who pointed out that Mahler



". . . not the old *Staatsoper* or a new one."

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Richard Strauss, Franz Schalk, and Toscanini had put a personal stamp of their own genius on "Fidelio" with which Böhm's performance could hardly compare. Nevertheless, Vienna has always been noted for its superb ensemble in opera, and this nobody could deny the cast in which such favorites of the public as Anton Dermota (Florestan), Martha Mödl (Leonore), Ludwig Weber (Rocco), Irmgard Seefried (Marzelline), and Paul Schoeffler (Pizzaro) had prominent parts.

Most of that public, however (which could hardly afford the equivalent of $150 per ticket), arrived early in the day (the queue for the limited standing room had begun to form on the Saturday *prior* to the performance) and stood in a cold drizzle to hear the performance piped to the streets via loudspeakers. The quality of these was excellent, and the crowds listened in utter silence, Beethoven holding complete sway of this immense damp crowd save when applause was in order.

For the while all roads led to Vienna, as I discovered at the airport on arrival. Planes were visible from Russia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Scandinavia, bearing diplomats, journalists, and perhaps some music-lovers. On our Pan-American flight from New York was the celebrated radio and TV columnist John Crosby, who confessed he had absolutely no business going to Vienna for an opera opening, but that he was irresistibly drawn to it by the glitter. When I told him that 30,000 requests for tickets had been received and that only 2,595 people could get in—of which he was lucky to be one—he remarked that the Viennese were being treated like Brooklyn baseball fans at World Series time.

This, of course, has caused great bitterness among the Viennese. They are proud that their opening has caused such a stir in the world, that it has attracted such people as John Foster Dulles, Winthrop Aldrich, and Claire Luce, of the American diplomatic corps, that Edward Johnson, former general manager of the Metropolitan, headed a list of representatives from all the great theatres of the world, that their beloved Bruno Walter and Lotte Lehmann were with them again on this happy occasion. When the pomp and the pageantry have passed, and the premieres have run their course, it will be the people on the streets, listening through the rain to "Fidelio" who will find their rightful places. These are the people who rebuilt the opera and who love it, and who will reclaim it when the captains and the kings depart.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Griffelkin" on TV, Anda, Strovinsky

AS PRODUCED by NBC-TV's Opera Theatre "Griffelkin" affirms that Lukas Foss is a composer of talent in a special area of music that needs all such it can get—writing music for words. He can write for the orchestra as well as for voices, and his harmonic feeling is both savorous and distinctive. Here, however, the compliments about Foss in general must defer to some complaints about "Griffelkin" in particular. It is, for one thing, much too long (an hour and a half) for its amusing but tenuous story about an aspiring devil who celebrates his tenth birthday on earth to carry out his duty to do one bad deed daily, only to turn virtuous when he discovers that all on earth are as bad as he.

Alastair Reid has put this into nicely rhymed verse, but Foss has overextended it considerably—for my attention-span, anyway—by making too much of each small episode. The individual musical ideas are good, but Foss hasn't yet learned that where a choice is concerned a composer is better advised to be terse than tedious. Perhaps the dimensions would suit the stage better than TV, a mercilessly demanding medium. Who was it, anyway, who recently said "Ninety Minutes Is a Long, Long Time"?

On the production side, "Griffelkin" was another in what is becoming a monotonous series of triumphs for the TV unit headed by Samuel Chotzinoff. Adelaide Bishop was both sightly and soundly in the role of Griffelkin, Rose Geringer was excellent as the girl on whose behalf the apprentice devil does his good deed, with Mary Kreste, Alice Richmond, Andrew McKinley, Paul Ukena, Lee Cass, and Robert Holland providing admirable musico-dramatic qualities in their roles. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's decor was excellent, as was Robert Joffrey's choreography. Peter Herman Adler presided in invisible eminence over all as musical director.

Geza Anda, a Hungarian-Swiss pianist preceded by a number of excellent recordings, is an authentic talent, whose accomplishments were scaled down by two factors: the appearance two weeks before under the same auspices (Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall) of Emil Gilels, and his choice of Brahms's B flat concerto as an introductory offering. If the first was beyond his control, the second was not. Together they took more than a little off a player who might have glowed more brightly otherwise.

The Brahms B flat is, of course, a massive handful for even the most assured performers—a Backhaus, Horowitz, or Rubinstein—and the clear evidence was that Anda was in a literal as well as figurative sweat. But he gave us the full measure of his musical nature in less than an hour, and the verdict has to be that it is sizable. Earlier Ormandy made the evening notable for the first local playing of a symphony (No. 7) by Roy Harris. Written in a single movement of about twenty minutes' length, it begins and ends impressively, with much rhythmic ingenuity on the way. Considering the broad premise it poses and its imposing resolution, one must look forward with interest to another evaluation of the arguments en route. —IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

A NEW YORK musical season already lifted from its usual round by Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" was provided with genuine intellectual distinction during the second half of the November 4 concert of the New York Concert Choir, with Margaret Hillis conducting. The first half had been made up of a fuzzy singing of Bach's "Lobet den Herrn" and the initial hearing of Jan Meyerowitz's "Missa Rachel Plorans." The Meyerowitz Mass, professional and dedicated, suffered from all-over dulness of texture and almost total lack of melodic distinction, but was nonetheless worthy.

But after the intermission the concert rose to near-greatness of performance and unmistakable greatness of material in one of the much-too-rare hearings of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." With Arnold Moss handsomely reading E. E. Cummings's translation of Jean Cocteau's explanatory text (the sung text was properly left in Latin), and with Leopold Simoneau as Oedipus and Elena Nikolaidi as Jocasta projecting their difficult roles superbly, Stravinsky's magnificent "opera-oratorio" again demonstrated its status as a masterwork. It has often been remarked that "Oedipus Rex" is a morality rather than a Greek tragedy, but Miss Hillis and her perhaps underrehearsed forces left no doubt that it is a beautiful major composition.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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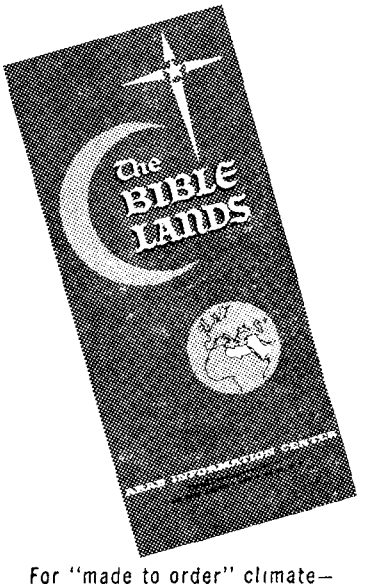

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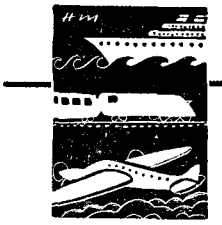

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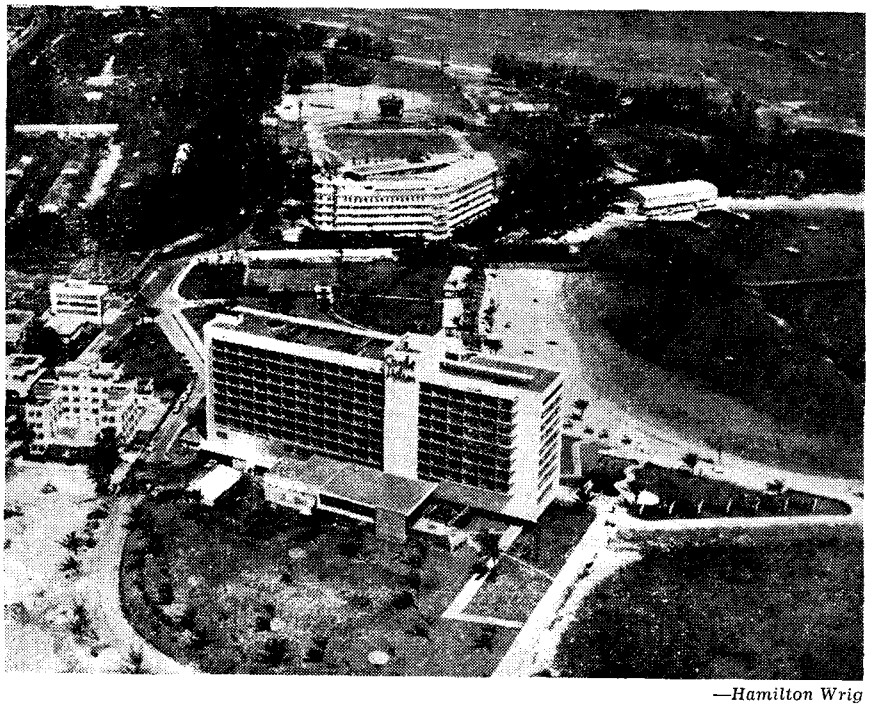

—*Hamilton Wrig*

San Juan from the sky—"Coming on the palmy lawn of the Caribe Hilton in the foreground, a 100-room terraced addition."

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

BEFORE Christmas is upon us the British will be sending their whistling Viscounts barrelling down through the Caribbean islands. Passengers on the sand-and-sunburn circuit will be whiling away the hours by balancing coins end-up on the tables—an old turbo-prop trick—and viewing the holiday islands through the immense oval windows that give both aisle and window passengers the impression they are riding the clouds in a glass box.

Anyone escaping the mid-winter chills will now have a new string of palm-shaded reefs to choose from, linked by four-motored semi-jets that zip among the West Indies at better than 320 miles an hour. The other day, on a trial run to test the planes and the *plages*, we fled New York's fall weather and arrived in Bermuda just two hours and twenty minutes later, ahead of the schedule by half an hour.

Well, there's not too much I can tell you about Bermuda that I haven't expanded on at some pink-and-coral length on prior occasions. The blight is still on the cedars, leaving patches of gray among the green, and signs now advertise cedar firewood for sale. To my thinking they ought to pru out all the blighted trees and bani the sign of death to the fireplaces a barbecues. Cedar-smoked steak on Bermuda beach might prove an ar matic sensation.

The fringe-topped surreys pulled horses seem to have disappeared. least I heard no sound of the carria bell, and can only assume that the rightful place has been assumed small convertible automobiles whi some fey islander has equipped wi fringed canvas tops. Outside of th technocratic improvement, which h been all these years in coming, the is little startling to report. I find t prices in Trimingham's, the ma clothing shop which features Dal camel's-hair coats, long shorts, cas mere sweaters, and other fruits of t British looms, to be no bargains all. I did like especially the verve a place down the line on Front Stre called Calypso, which has gathere with some imagination and style, think, Capezio playshoes from N York, cashmere sweaters made in of all places—Vienna, and some wi shirts cut of fabric printed in Ken and fraught with slogans in Swahili.

Beyond that I can tell you only th the Castle Harbor, that jumbo ho

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nat sits out near the airport, hasn't hanged a noticeable hair, that "21" nd Pedrolini's are still pleasant laces to swizzle and sightsee from the erraces on their second decks, looking own on Front Street, the ships at the ock, and the sunsets that slip over the ater and beyond the soft hills.

The Viscount will cover the disance between Bermuda and Puerto ico, which Rand-McNally assures veryone is 1,000 miles, in about three ours and a half. The parlay will give ne winter island-hopper a chance to ee, in the same morning, a deep-ooted British colonial island and a panish isle on which American cul-ure and, lately, American industrial pirit have been superimposed.

THE Caribe Hilton, first of the in-ernational projects of the Hilton hain which opened in December 1949, as proved a roaring success, so much o in fact that on this survey flight round was broken for a new wing nat will add 100 rooms in an annex orming an "L" with the original 00-room hotel. In addition, the 'an American Guest House, in which stayed when I first came to Puerto ico in 1947, has also been taken over y the Hilton people as another fifty-oom annex. While the upstairs rooms re being modernized the former lob-y is housing the Galeria de las An-illas, an exotic shop that offers every-ning from hand-painted dresses to sland antiques. While I am not capti-ated by painted dresses, similar to nose in Mexico, the sculptures and aintings by a Spanish artist who lives n Haiti are original, if overpriced. 'here are Haitian salad bowls on and, too, done in Haiti but patterned fter designs supplied by the Galeria. 'hankfully, they avoid that heavy, tained-mahogany air so popular in Haiti and are cut in sleek modern de-ign and are unfinished, raw wood. 'here are also examples of the Bomba rum, crude ukuleles made by rural 'uerto Ricans, and original primitive arvings of saints that once kept vigil n outlying island homes.

As for the amenities of the Hilton, here is a gambling casino on the sec-nd floor staffed, I had better tell you, vith some rather overanxious crou-iers who are wont to question why ou cash in your chips so early (we re the last of the big gamblers), and vho impose a minimum play of four hips, each pegged at twenty-five ents, on every turn of the wheel. I ound the atmosphere to be consider-bly more pleasant in the Club Caribe, vhich is dominated at the moment y the talent of Bobby Capo, an ngaging young gentleman who ap-ears in a succession of lamé and bro-aded dinner jackets in which he sings

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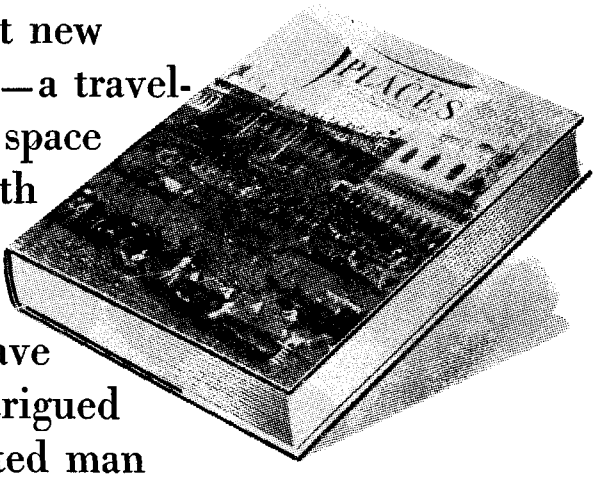
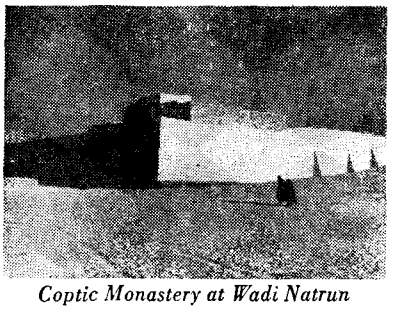


PLACES

Edited by **GEOFFREY GRIGSON** and **CHARLES HARVARD GIBBS-SMITH**

Boat boy in Amsterdam



Coptic Monastery at Wadi Natrun

Riquewihr, wine town in the Haut-Rhin Department, France

IN THE London suburb of Kew Gardens, a romantic Victorian built a replica of Merlin's Cave. Sad-eyed Moscow citizens sit in parks — sternly earmarked for "Rest and Culture." Samba records shatter the silence of the holy city of Tibet. In Istanbul the ancient column of Marcian is said to nod suggestively at each passing girl who is not a virgin.

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artfully in Spanish. But most of all he intersperses his songs with exhibitions of the *cha-cha-cha*, the craze that has swept over from Cuba, perhaps on the winds of Hurricane Hazel, and which is now deeply entrenched in the Latin West Indies. Having researched the problem with great diligence, I can report that it involves putting the feet down in rapid order, first one-two-three, then one-two. For further information apply to Arthur Murray.

For those who would like to imbibe *al fresco* the Caribe Hilton makes it as comfortable as possible, its outdoor bar by the sea set not with stools but with deep cushiony chairs. The bartenders' pit has been sunk so that drinker and server are still head to head and you don't have to look up to tell him your troubles. As for other avenues of evening pleasure, I might mention the Piff Paff Pouf, if for no other reason than it has a steep curving slide by which you reach the downstairs bar from the street. You slide at your own risk and right next door is the Funeraria de Diego. For anyone who misses it there are ballgames at night in Sixto Escobar Park, right next door to the Normandie Hotel. The lineups are spotted with many familiar names from the States, and about all that is different is the method of cheering (waving handkerchiefs) and the refreshments (green oranges from which you extract the juice on your own power).

On a warm and pleasant Sunday I rented a car from Avis and drove the forty-two miles down the coast road to Luqillo Beach, a sand strip of much local fame. It left me a shade disappointed, for it is spotted with ramshackle bath-houses under the coconut palms, and not as much thought has gone into preserving its native beauty as other Caribbean beaches—Magen's Bay on St. Thomas, for instance. However, a new improvement program has been announced—nobody sits still a minute in Puerto Rico —and by the time you get there t whole place will doubtless be as nat as Jones Beach with coconuts.

Since they are located so handily each other, one usually combines visit to Luqillo with a ride up Yunque, the tropical rainforest th has been enclosed within the Cari bean National Park. It looks, I can a sure you, like a set for "Green Ma sions," with orchids blooming wil giant ferns arching over the road wi exquisite feminine grace, and cluste of bamboo shooting in giant gre sprays out of the undergrowth. Wi white lilies dazzle the nose, not to s the soul, and kids by the side of t road sell bootleg bouquets of them well as bunches of bananas, both ye low and red, to fend off any transie threat of malnutrition.

We drove westward along t northshore road back to San Ju into the drama of an immense suns Cows and farmers and fences sto out in magnificent silhouettes on t hillocks. Business was booming (was the jukebox) at the Hit de Or Las Vegas, a gin mill in Rio Granc as we passed it. And by the time v came to the metropolis of Loiza nig had fallen. In the broad plaza they h already turned on the lights, and intricate maze of neon curlecues w flashing on and off, first in pink a then in green, on the grand municip fountain. —HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of series of articles on the Caribbea The second will appear in two weel*

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Autumnals

By Gerhard Friedrich

IN LEAF and landscape now the light
Expires, and the green profusion
Moves inward, even overnight,
To seek conclusion

In veins that no July unfurled,
No frost is taking.
What last perfection holds the wor
In your awaking?

II

Fever of fall burns bush and vine
And birch and beetle into ashes.
Soft-glimmering, in windblown
flashes,
A year goes out. The year was mir

No longer young and no more old
I ponder the inverted glowing
Of many springs, unhurried, knowi
How leaves and loves turn into go

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

'om (trying to hold Fran) and Jeff trying to find himself) take to measuring their own manhood against his prowess under water. Jeff is, in fact, o committed to proving himself the uperior man at the bottom of the sea r in the boudoir that he comes very lose to cracking both his mind and is marriage.

As the novel's narrator Jeff is omething of a windy introvert who eems to enjoy the intellectual contortions he performs on his spiked, elf-analytical couch. Sometimes, in he ruminating flow of his hardboiled urbanity, he speaks nonsense (as what nalyst on occasion does not?), ometimes he is cynical as only a omanticist can be, and sometimes he s as muddy as the seas he dives into. Other times, however, he uncovers mid the dark swirlings some fearful bysses and friendly ledges which orrespond to the ocean of the ego. 'here are also moments when he manges a Villonesque elegy in dirging his ost youth; and there are moments hen he is maturely at the heart of ife and love.

In the end thirty-eight-year-old eff learns to scuff through life, a little the wiser for the freakish experince of having trod the bottom of the ea, and though his dream has dwinlled, it hasn't disappeared. The middle-aged and married—who already now the wisdom of Pete's advice—'Only a fool dives alone"—will unlerstand this book. Youth, of course, nay be repelled by it and old age nay be driven nearer to the fire.

Notes

OVE AMONG THE POLITICIANS: The fable t the core of Agnes Sligh Turnbull's ew novel, **"The Golden Journey"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), is of classic implicity: Rich father of beautiful, rippled girl seeks to buy promising oung man as her husband; young nan is not for sale but spontaneously alls in love with girl, anyhow. Now t is inevitable in the development f this motif that after some years f happy life the girl shall learn of he proposition and not be sure whether she was loved for herself t all. In Mrs. Turnbull's version of he tale the father had been motiated by the suggestion of a Eurodean specialist that childbearing night just possibly restore his daughter's ability to walk. Whether this or ny other expedient can heal the girl is, of course, to be treated as classified information by a fair re-

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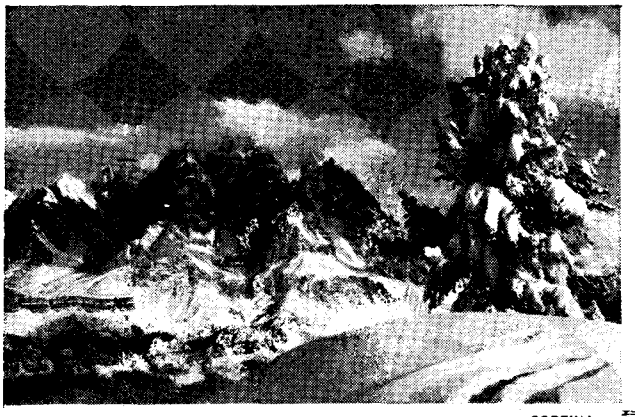

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You Were Long Years in Leaving . . .

By Christopher La Farge

YOU were long years in leaving. In that length
I saw your reluctance, took some for myself
to wear as a warm wrap after you'd truly
gone—oh! not that there isn't departure too
in all the gathering up of odds and ends,
of sorting and deciding, and the dividing
after the anticipated's finally been announced—
though you never quite believe it until it's happened.

Yes, yes, a long while leaving! But it's been thrice
as long since then, almost a full nine years
by the almanac and the probate and the carving—
though longer yet by the more truthful calendar
of myself whereon so very much more's noted
than a decade would suggest.
See, I'd been trying
to use most of the thing that we had made
(Lord! how we made it sing!) by giving, just giving.
But you can't give free what yourself once earned;
I had to find that out, it took pain to see
that that was wrong. Then I returned to learning
alone, to the search for wisdom you had helped me
once to acquire. I have the wisdom and some day
I'll learn its use and never again will give it
away like a star-sapphire or a passion.

And you? Ah, the shape of absence has been worn round
by the abrasive current of my living
which floods and flows in deep mortality;
now, cruel edges gone, its familiar mass
blocks but the void beyond. It doesn't matter,
each joy is father to henceforward's grief
and nothing's lost except the part of me
I gave when you were ready to receive it
(like fire-opals and a lasting love).
I'm somewhat stripped down, but there's no regret:
as their first magic's mercifully not recaptured,
such gifts lose luster stored too long ungiven.

The part you gave to me (when I was ready)
has suffered transformation, it's rarer too,
and turned translucent. It lets in the warmth,
the sun, the moon, the stars, and the long sound
of rain's descent to feed the avid river
gravid with the cloud's sending. I am grateful.

You'd want to know how I am getting on.
My days are full of innumerable acts,
some lifted down from the sharp hooks of thought,
some stumbled upon where hap had chanced to put them.
It is the nights that post the sentinel:
the thin and solitary number One
who sneaks along his beat with squeaky shoes,
traversing walls and terraces of sleep,
guarding against addition.
Again farewell.

viewer, for if finding out be not th
reward of the book it has no other
The young man of the story, Pau
Devereux, aspires to a political ca
reer. James Kirkland, his father-in
law, is a powerful coal magnate, wel
able to thrust Paul's talents into th
highest possible offices in due course
Yet Paul learns that James Kirkland'
hands are not clean and that gangdon
lurks behind his political prospects
In working out Paul's conflicts o
ethics and ambition and those of hi
wife's physical welfare Mrs. Turnbul
has dealt in terms of some of th
greatest improbabilities of event, en
counter, and conversation to be seer
in some time under the guise of a
novel of real life. As a fairy tale thes
components are acceptable. But a
we have them here they add up t
sentimentally slick magazine fiction.
—E. F.

EXISTENTIALISM AT SEA: Sooner or late
it was inevitable that Existentialism
would quit the land and go to sea, and
now a young Englishman, a followe
of Sartre named Beverley Cross, has
done exactly that for Existentialism
by writing a novel called **"Mars in
Capricorn"** (Little, Brown, $3.50)
There can be little doubt that Mr
Cross knows what is expected of an
Existentialist. The story concerns a
young Englishman like himself who
flees from a stuffy way of life in North
London and attempts to shed his per-
sonality by becoming hard, tough, and
amoral. Fortunately for him, there-
fore, he meets in Marseilles a stranger
in a brown raincoat who offers our
youth a job on a Norwegian tramp
steamer, and after that our author's
real concern is with the crew of that
ship. In fine Existentialist fashion, sea-
men murder each other with carefree
abandon, thereby giving our author
and his hero the opportunity of main-
taining a highly impersonal attitude
toward one of the murderers who has
been our hero's friend—an attitude
which Existentially-speaking is thor-
oughly correct. There is also a sur-
realistic scene where our hero finds
his knife driven into the eye of a ship-
mate and drags it out to find the eye
sticking to the blade. Then, in the best
Existentialist manner, none of these
happenings leads to anything at all.
Somewhere along the course of the
story the stranger in the brown rain-
coat, in whom we have become in-
cautiously interested, disappears from
the narrative, being lost overboard
without an explanation of any kind,
and the non-Existentialist reader feels
abashed at having given the fellow a
thought. —WILLIAM MCFEE.

LOVE AND DERRING-DO IN GREECE: If you
had been an American writer in

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Athens a few days before the Germans swept the British out of Greece in 1941 would you have agreed to deliver a mysterious envelope from a mysterious Greek banker to a mysterious address in London? If you would have you have something in common with Leon M. Uris's hero in his new spy-thriller, **"The Angry Hills"** (Random House, $3). Mike Morrison not only agrees to deliver the envelope. He risks his life repeatedly to do so after he discovers that the Germans are trying desperately to stop him. Absorbed into the retreating British Army, stalked by a sinister Anzac soldier, aided by British Intelligence, and then captured as a POW, Mike finds himself in the center of the fastest-moving series of events since the first twenty pages of "Candide."

How he escapes and how, aided by Greek partisans, he rusticates in the mountains until he can be smuggled out of the country can best be left to readers who have a taste for breakneck action and for the Alfred Hitchcock interpretation of history. Such readers will hardly be astonished to learn that Mike gets involved with an uninhibited peasant girl and even more involved with the attractive young Athenian matron who

must stay with him to assure his safe escape. Mr. Uris, the author of the much more solid "Battle Cry," has relied much too heavily here on colorful action, but his book has one mightily redeeming feature, and that is its lyrically appreciative picture of life in the remote pastoral country of Greece. Clearly he has fallen in love with that country and its inhabitants, and he conveys that love warmly and effectively.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

THE VALIANT NEZ PERCE: In Oregon Territory a century ago unscrupulous and cruel white men schemed to get the land of the Nez Perce. But the trouble that was brewing in consequence meant little to the three children in Sigman Byrd's and Joan Sutherland's novel **"The Valiant"** (Jason Press, $3.25). These were Stella Kendrick, daughter of the post commandant; Tom, son of another officer; and Joel, son of the Nez Perce chief. The white girl and the Indian boy were devoted companions; but Tom hated his bronze-skinned rival. The commandant's daughter was sent East to school and, in the course of time, Joel took an Indian wife. Tom, a West Point cadet, courted Stella in vain. Serving later in the Confederate army, he took her father prisoner and was promised a postwar job as civilian scout with Kendrick's forces. It was in that capacity that he returned to Oregon to face Joel.

Joel, now Nez Perce chief, was a lover of peace, but he prepared to fight rather than agree to the white man's land grab. After hopeless resistance he attempted to lead the Nez Perce to Canada, was captured by Tom, and imprisoned. Thanks to Stella's intervention, the young chief was allowed to plead his people's cause before Congress and win for them a measure of justice. His story adds up to a significant and haunting chapter in the tragic history of the American Indian. The authors may have overidealized Stella and made Joel too much the noble savage, but their dramatic tribute to Nez Perce valor comes straight from the heart.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

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Russia

Continued from page 34

describes the reasons—the Russians' comparative acceptance of their crowded conditions, the reasons for Governmental favoring of "palaces of culture," and the reasons for the strange censorship which foreigners impose on themselves in their dealings with Russians in Russia. Her book is clear-sighted and direct, without a trace of either adulation or malice, naivete or punditry. It will answer many questions, and there is not a dull page in it.

Minus Genius

"Tsar Nicholas I," by Constantin de Grunwald *(translated by Brigit Patmore. Macmillan. 245 pp. $4.50), is a major contribution toward the understanding of the man who ascended the throne of Russia after the Decembrist Revolt of 1825. Our reviewer is Professor Ernest J. Simmons, of Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

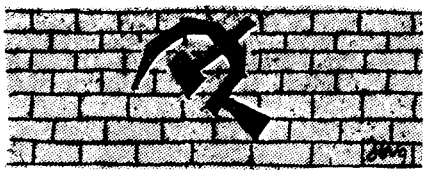
THE autocracy of old Russia has been rather unfairly defined as a despotism tempered with regicide. It is true that Russia had its share of murdered rulers. But in no country was autocracy more sanctified by ancient traditions or despotism more fully supported by the concept that the sovereign was the anointed representative of God and the beloved little father of his people. Of the tsars Nicholas I (1825-1855) is perhaps the most typical representative of this Russian autocracy, and the biography of him by Constantin de Grunwald, who is the highly competent author of earlier studies of Metternich and Bismarck, makes a major contribution toward our understanding of the man and of his reign.

A great deal has been published on Nicholas, much of it in an effort either to condemn or justify the man and his actions from the political point of view and from the scales of value of the individual authors. But Mr. de Grunwald strives for objectivity. This he achieves with considerable success, except perhaps for his treatment of the Polish revolt of 1831. With imagination he has tried to recapture the spirit of Russia in the first half of the nineteenth century, to regard Nicholas as a child of his time—as the inheritor of a definite political system which dictated the historical evolution and internal structure of the country he ruled. Furthermore, Mr. de Grunwald has made use of all the obvious source material from previous students of the subject, from Soviet publications which have thrown new light on revolutionary episodes and social conditions during the reign of Nicholas, and from the rich sources of the Secret Archives of Vienna, which contain the contemporary dispatches of Austrian ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg.

Quite properly, Mr. de Grunwald gives much space to retelling the fascinating story of the Decembrist Revolt of 1825, which ushered in the rule of Nicholas I; for this rebellion of the Russian nobility colored the whole reign of this sovereign. Nicholas condemned five of the ringleaders to be hanged and 121 other rebels, many of them from the finest families of Russia, to varying terms of imprisonment and exile.

Nicholas's own passion was for soldiering. He wanted to lead armies to victory more than he wanted to rule an empire, but when fate and the refusal of his older brother Constantin to ascend the throne after the sudden death of Alexander I forced Nicholas to become Tsar of all the Russias, his sense of dedication and of the sacredness of the office was outraged by the presumptuous attempt of the nobles to upset the divine order of things. Interestingly, Mr. de Grunwald points out that Nicholas was deeply offended by the macabre humor of some of the rebels as they heard their sentences read out on the parade ground of the Peter-Paul fortress, for "to detract from the solemnity of a military ceremony seemed sacrilege to him"; yet the image of the Decembrist Revolt and its pitiful victims haunted Nicholas for years to come. It intensified his conception of the absolutism of the tsar and nourished his fear of the ineradicable weaknesses of his country. These were weaknesses which were pathetically symbolized in the words of Ryleev, a leader of the Decembrist conspiracy, who declared on the scaffold, after the executioner's ropes had broken three times: "Unhappy country, where they don't even know how to hang you."

All contemporaries agreed that Nicholas was one of the handsomest men in Europe. He was a veritable prince out of a fairy tale, being very tall, with perfect features, imperious in his impeccable uniforms, "noble rather than gentle, sculptural rather than human." All in all he was the very quintessence of regal *politesse* in his social behavior. He was also the soul of domesticity in his family relations; he was devoted to his beautiful wife and children, and he was a



model of simplicity, hard work, an nice deportment. Seeming to have a the virtues of the ideal sovereign, h lacked only the genius of the gre ones. Mr. de Grunwald brilliantl reveals how this lack of greatness- of any deep understanding of th human problems of his people and c the intricacies of international rela tions—contributed to his disasters.

In many respects, says Mr. d Grunwald, Nicholas I made an hones effort to improve the economic condi tions of his country within the limit of that tradition. But his mediocr abilities did not permit him to realiz that absolutism was everywhere o the wane in Europe. Quite the con trary, the mounting revolutionar liberalism of the West served only t increase his own repressive measure and to convince him of the importanc of his position as the reactionar "gendarme of Europe." He harshl crushed the rebellious Poles and de prived them of that small vestig of freedom which Alexander I ha granted. "The Poles must be mad happy in spite of themselves," declare Nicholas, "by taking from them th power to do themselves harm, b treating them like blind children wh take into their hands toys which migh hurt them and others." In the sam spirit he intervened in western Europ to protect the power of kings agains the rebellious masses in the revolu tionary uprisings of 1848. And at th same time he drew an iron curtain o his own country to prevent the im portation of any ideas of freedom fron the West. In many ways the polic state of Stalin might stand as some thing of a facsimile of the police stat of the last years of the rule of Nichola I. It was in a large measure this con ceit of himself as the "gendarme o

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Kenilworth," by Sir Walte Scott. 2. "Jean-Christophe," by Ro main Rolland. 3. "For One Swee Grape," by Kate O'Brien. 4. "Ham let," by William Shakespeare. 5. "Th Master of Ballantrae," by Rober Louis Stevenson. 6. "The Ordeal o Richard Feverel," by George Mere dith. 7. "Henry Esmond," by Willian Makepeace Thackeray. 8. "Mademoi selle de Maupin," by Théophile Gau tier. 9. "The Dark Is Light Enough," by Christopher Fry. 10. "Tender Is th Night," by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

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Europe" that led Nicholas into the fatal catastrophe that ended his reign, the Crimean War.

Mr. de Grunwald's "Tsar Nicholas I" is an authoritative study written with taste and verve if one may judge from the smooth-reading translation. There are a few slips, such as "the order to *machine-gun* the crowd" in Senate Square in 1825, and it is unfortunate that the titles of Russian sources are left in French instead of being put either into conventional transliteration from the Russian or into English. But these are minor criticisms.

Red Levies

TAXES IN USSR: In the foreword, Professor Abram Bergson of Columbia describes Franklyn D. Holzman's **"Soviet Taxation: The Fiscal and Monetary Problems of a Planned Economy"** (Harvard University Press, $6.50) as "the first really thorough and systematic survey" of the Soviet structure of taxation. It's just that. Holzman, formerly with Harvard's Russian Research Center, now an associate professor of economics at the University of Washington, has produced a scholarly and exhaustive analysis of Kremlin tax policies. He discusses the whole range of taxes—from the "notorious" turnover tax (a kind of sales tax levied primarily on consumers' goods) to the income tax and the agricultural taxes—and their historical antecedents. He examines, too, the intricate methods which the Soviets have employed to inhibit the spread of inflation, and he concludes that since the Currency Reform of 1947 the Communists "have been quite successful." His research has also led him to the fact that, unlike Western nations, the Soviet Union sets a primary reliance upon indirect or commodity taxation to satisfy its financial requirements. The income tax, a form of direct taxation, has been estimated to be only 10 per cent of total tax revenue. Furthermore, it appears that Professor Holzman places little credence in that section of Communist economic dogma which underscores the necessity for a progressive kind of taxation in a socialist society; specifically, he's of the opinion that taxation is roughly proportional to income, being for the most part neither progressive nor regressive. Despite the inadequacy of source material (he even referred to his elaboration of the turnover tax as "impressionistic"), Professor Holzman did not shy away from this sort of challenging hypothesis. In fact, this study is a must for the bookshelf of any student of the Soviet economic scene. —MARVIN L. KALB.

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"Today is the most beautiful in my life. I have my first letter from you. Now I pretend I am your little girl. Thank you for loving me so much." Christa, age 9, DP, Western Germany.

"A thousand thanks for the food, clothing and money. I could not believe it that you care for me. So much have I cried for the warm arms of my dead parents and now I have you. I wish I was a bird to fly you my love." Chang Jong Ya, age 10, Korea.

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History

Continued from page 36

of du Maine, Mr. Lewis, finds lay with his governess, Mme. de Maintenon, who brought up the talented, handsome, and precocious child in an atmosphere of overwhelming affection. If her love had been less devouring and if she had taught him to brace himself against hardship and to hit out in self-defense he might possibly have overcome the liabilities of his gentle nature. But his native softness and tenderness, his strong sense of honor, and his ironic intelligence were hardly assets for success in the sophisticated world of Versailles, where a rigorous protocol of courtesy only regulated and overglossed the fierce, unremitting competition for advancement.

Not that the young man did not do well enough both at court and on the field of battle. But the effort which cost him so dear should never have been exacted from him. A childhood illness left him with a withered leg, and that physical and psychological disability, taken in conjunction with his father's determination to have him play the part traditionally assigned to Bourbon princes, proved too much for him. More damaging than the psychological trauma was the wife that Louis XIV selected for him; and of the incredibly strong-willed, self-centered, selfish Ludovise of the ancient House of Condé the author has little which is good to say. If Mr. Lewis's judgment is harsh, his pages on the fabulous world of make-believe at her chateau of Sceaux nevertheless make vivid and delightful reading. They also make convincing reading, for there is no gainsaying his conclusion that she victimized her spouse.

The duke and the duchess hold the center of the stage in this rich and colorful story of the last decades of the seventeenth century and of the early years of the eighteenth. But the charming and virtuous governess, who was to become the morganatic wife of Louis XIV, also receives much attention, most of it favorable (though Mr. Lewis does quote with approval Mme. du Deffand's verdict concerning Mme. de Maintenon: "I have a high opinion of her intelligence, little esteem for her heart, and no liking for her person"). There are admiring pages on the aging and dying king, depicting him as full of courage and dignity in the midst of the adversity that struck at him in his declining years. The Duke or Orleans, who was the regent at the time, fares well too at Mr. Lewis's hands, and the customary account of his depravity and his nightly orgies in Paris is balanced by a keen appreciation of his intelligence, his tolerance, and his kindliness concerning human foibles.

To be sure, the author paints on a small canvas, and on it there is no place for the personages and the developments that he treats in such detail in his earlier work, "The Splendid Century." But the world of the Duc du Maine was tucked away in a small corner of the larger world of France, and the pageantry, the charm, the absurdities, and the incredible inanities of that smaller hot-house world of the upper aristocracy are delightfully presented.

The Retrial of Joan

BRAIN-WASHED SAINT: After the execution of Joan of Arc in 1431 it became obvious from the French point of view that their heroine's good repute must be restored, and to that extent "the retrial of Joan of Arc" "was instituted," for, as so many modern historians have chosen to repeat, a purely political purpose." But as Regine Pernoud writes in **"The Retrial of Joan of Arc"** (translated by J. M. Cohen, Harcourt, Brace, $4.75), this was far from the only purpose, and the retrial passed beyond that aim, carrying the inquires themselves farther than they suspected.

To be exact, it carried them to the establishment of those facts which in her own century led the Archbishop of Rheims to decree that the trial and sentence was "contaminated with fraud, calumny, wickedness, contradictions, and manifest errors of fact and law," and therefore to be "null and void." In 1920 these changes of opinion led to her canonization as St. Joan by the Roman Catholic Church. Most people are aware that Joan was maltreated, degraded, and perhaps even tortured, and that a temporarily successful attempt was made to "brainwash" her. But they do not realize—and Miss Pernoud brings it out well—that all this was diabolically deliberate and was directed toward a predetermined verdict. Testimony was suppressed or altered before it got into the record. Witnesses were bribed or frightened; the questioning was organized so as to confuse rather than elicit fact, legal counsel was denied; *agents provacateurs* were used, and the indictments were changed without notice so as to keep the prisoner from ever knowing specifically what she was charged with. All of which—and more—has a terrifyingly familiar ring today and makes Miss Pernoud's book doubly fascinating.

—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

Adventures in Govt.

Continued from page 14

ment found themselves the inheritors of suspicion; they came into power with a party divided on foreign affairs, and their Administration could gain support only by losing control of Congress to the Democrats.

The principal objective of foreign policy nowadays, says Acheson (and the chief of the present Administration agrees with him), is the avoidance of unnecessary nuclear war. "It must be reserved as a weapon in a desperate death struggle, forced upon us by an attack on ourselves or a nation so close to us through commitment or interest that the attack is a plain prelude to general conflict . . . Vague phrases which suggest we might respond to any less vital danger by atomic retaliation carry the most vicious risk, whether believed or not believed, and may cause a fatal miscalculation." That for John Foster Dulles and his massive and instant retaliation. But a little later Acheson comes back to it. "Without consultation or warning our allies were informed publicly that a new military policy had been decided on and was in effect. . . . This is almost a classic illustration of the way a leader among free nations should not proceed." Fortunately, our enemies did not believe it, and neither did the President; but for a while our allies did.

To play our part in coalitions, says Acheson, requires strong domestic leadership to sustain the will to do our own part; it requires also the capacity to understand the needs of our friends. He believes that the Democratic Party has shown the capacity to produce and support this leadership, while the Republican Party is "handicapped by its experience in this century and the tradition and division to which this experience has given rise." The Democrats have been better in foreign policy because they are hospitable to intelligence. "Men capable of having ideas were welcomed, respected, and both stimulated and supported" without regard to party affiliation. And the effect of this was seen, for instance, in the record of Senator Vandenberg. "He did not have to be creative or original. He was free to do what he could do best—criticize, question, examine—until he became convinced of the necessity for a proposed program," and then he would put it over.

"The years since 1952," says Acheson, "in American foreign policy are not notable for the quality of the ideas generated . . . The stream of imaginative thinking had dried up, the power

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of energetic action seemed to have been lost." One reason was "the recurrent attempt of Republican legislators to whittle down the Executive, and to subordinate its will to the Congressional will in foreign as well as domestic matters. Congress is not, was not intended to be, and cannot be an Executive. Nevertheless, under Republican Party doctrine it persists in trying to be one." For instance, the fate of the Randall Commission's endeavor to give a real continuance to the reciprocal trade agreements policy; the Republican belief in the high tariff "continues, like the appendix, a menace to health after its function has ceased to exist."

BUT what became of the many intelligent men who were brought into the service of American foreign policy in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations? A few of them are still there, but keeping very quiet; most of them have been got rid of, in one way or another; and the one thing that makes Acheson really mad is what is jocosely termed the loyalty-security program. Acheson admits that this was started by a Democratic Administration—"a grave mistake, and a failure to foresee consequences which were inevitable." It is true, he says, that the Republican Administration—particularly the Attorney-General—has made matters much worse; and "these measures had strong bipartisan and popular support, indeed insistence, behind them."

But "it was not realized at first how dangerous was the practice of secret evidence and secret informers . . . What was at first designed for cases which it was thought would be serious, sensitive, and rare become commonplace and routine." Furthermore, even in Truman's day his expectation that loyal employes would be protected against false and malicious accusations was not carried out by the administrators of the loyalty program; "pressed, as they were, by the emotions generated by the reckless political attack on the Administration." A man may be accused by his own Government (on the word of Elizabeth Bentley or Paul Crouch or somebody like that) of doubtful loyalty, "on the basis of evidence of which he is not told, received from persons whom he is not allowed to confront, and of which only an anonymous summary is given to his judges."

And this is not evidence as to what he has done, as a rule; but what somebody thinks he might do, or often even what he might think. And there seems to be no reason to believe that the national security requires this.

But it seems so to the Attorney-General, on whose interview in *U.S.*

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News and World Report last spring Acheson has some pointed comments. "One Klaus Fuchs is enough, isn't it?" asks Brownell. That, says Acheson, is not the question; "it is whether a citizen is to be regarded as a potential or actual traitor on the reported word of an informer—anonymous, speaking from offstage through an intermediary, surrounded by every protection and consideration." Brownell says that people who want changes in the security procedures are either "the Communist conspiracy, their apologists and dupes; or sincere persons who have never been confronted with the awesome public responsibility for internal security." On which Acheson comments: "If burglars are shown to enter more often through backdoors and sidedoors than through frontdoors, then arrest all who enter through back- and sidedoors. Those who suggest that this will result principally in the arrest of innocent householders either do not understand the problem and the danger or they are burglars or their apologists or dupes."

But this system took care of many of the intelligent men whom Acheson had gathered into the State Department and the Foreign Service—notably John Paton Davies. The law had long provided that charges of any kind against Foreign Service officers should be heard before the Foreign Service Board, whose members knew what the job was and what standards were required of men who held it. But Davies's case was heard by a Special Security Hearing Board, consisting of the Inspector General of the Army, a lawyer for the Federal Communications Commission, and officials of the Office of Defense Mobilization, the Foreign Operations Administration, and the Small Business Administration—assigned to judge the professional competence of a Foreign Service officer "whom his professional colleagues and superiors had rated among the small group at the top." But, whatever the members of this hearing board knew or did not know about the Foreign Service, they knew what was expected of them, and they did it.

But it should be added that though this board was appointed and acted under a Republican Administration, it had to fire Davies because he had offended a Democratic Senator, McCarran, of whom Secretary Dulles was afraid. We need a reform of the loyalty-security system, of course—but, says Acheson, "this can be done only amidst a public which remains cool, recognizes that the danger from the sort of people we have been discussing is slight, and demands administration which respects the dignity and worth of the individual." In other words, the kind of public of which we have not had much since 1950.

Much, though not all, of the foregoing was set before Acheson's tycoon client; but he is still a Republican. For he has great possessions; and he has a chance to keep them, with the New Deal reforms in force.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE MAN WITH TWO WIVES *Patrick Quentin* (S&S: $2.75)	NY publishing tycoon frets as finis is written to career of third-rate novelist; cops read too.	Hostile sisters, much modern art figure in this job, with characters rarely telling all.	Highly emotive.
THE CASE OF THE NERVOUS ACCOMPLICE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.75)	Perry Mason buys into real-estate deal, comes up with corpse, as expected; police action minimal.	Lady-client-in-murder-jam formula once more; court scenes abundant, effective; people abound.	Below his best.
FALSE FACE *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.75)	British nurse finds two corpses; Yard and *Daily Snapshot* interested, also milk-bar toughs.	Queer convalescent home, fading matinee idol, ancient baronet all present; moves well at times.	Long on atmosphere.
RUN FROM THE SHEEP *Eline Capit* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Yank gal, wed to Hollander, collides with trouble on Danish holiday; Copenhagen cops take over.	Setting and personnel pleasant; nice motion; holds interest despite bad organization, loose handling.	Plus mark.
HISTORICAL WHODUNITS *Hugh Ross Williamson* (Macmillan: $3.75)	Thirteen narratives of crime in high places (England, Scotland, 1100-1752); Princes in Tower, Gunpowder Plot, *et al.*	Evidence is presented with skill and deftness; conclusions upset many widely-held notions; excellent reading, nice pix.	AAA.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Words, Words, Words

Continued from page 16

not. It must be bequeathed to the scholars of the future.

Jean Ingelow clearly has been left far behind. Our conclusion must be that her claim to be founder of modern poetry is based upon method and technique only. The differences between her and Thomas go very deep. Jean Ingelow lived when art was conceived of as lightening the weight of this unintelligible world. The nineteenth-century poets saw their art as bringing clarity into obscurity and order into confusion. They believed that through it they had seen truth, which always banishes obscurity and confusion. The truth of poetry was, they knew, as Aristotle had said, truer than the truth of history. History says Alexander the Great was born in 356 and died in 323. Poetry says

> We must endure our going hence
> even as our coming hither,
> Ripeness is all.

The nineteenth-century poets knew that the actual factual world looked different when the light of poetry was turned on it. Trees without any leaves were actually "bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang." Water was really "the glassy, cool, translucent wave." Old age, always marked out for drab dulness, had in it for the truth of poetry something quite different:

> I am a very foolish, fond old man,
> Fourscore and upward, not an
> hour more or less,
> And, to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Whatever of truth these poets saw they tried to make others see, to show the beauty of truth and the truth of beauty so clearly that those who had never seen them before could catch at least a glimpse.

These ideas are all outmoded. Professor Maritain, the philosopher and the critic and a chief exponent of modern art, says that a distinguishing characteristic of modern poetry is that it has freed itself from "the claims of rational expression" by which classical poetry has always been "repressed." To be sure, he points out, the moderns attach the greatest importance to words, but only in order to "get rid of the language of discursive reason" which "prevents this inner music from being conveyed by the words." "There is an intelligible meaning," he says, "but we don't know what this meaning is."

In brief, Professor Maritain sees

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the aim of modern poetry as a two-fold method of liberation: "To free itself from nature; to be free from language." "It has an inaudible, wordless, soundless music . . . the music of intuitive pulsions." In it "the logical sense" has been dislocated by the poetic sense, which, he considerately explains to us, is "the inner, ontological entelechy of the poem."

The words open a wide vista. May we look forward to a time when music too will be "free," soundless, and inaudible?

In his look into the trend of modern poetry it almost seems as if the great French critic has failed to see that, with the poetic sense of Joyce and Thomas and a host of others dislocating the logical sense, the future of English poetry can be foretold. There will be a new language for poetry—nay, for every poet. It seems certain that Professor Maritain's exhaustive study of English literature did not lead him to Lewis Carroll or he must have recognized the prophetic importance of

T'was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Here there is no trouble about the poetic sense being repressed by the logical sense because there is no sense at all. Carroll has abolished it and pointed out the path for modern poetry. He completed what Jean Ingelow began, and any future history of English literature must give a place of honor to them both.

Many a reader of today's poetry will acclaim such a development when it occurs. We shall no longer have to puzzle or, much worse, uneasily suspect that there must be something wrong with us, as we do when we are first presented with "benzine rinsings from the moon" or "the scythed boulders bleed." When each poet is his own lexicographer, and poems are made up of words never met before, we shall finally be free to discover an inaudible, wordless, soundless music, the music of intuitive pulsions. Then we can give up trying to fit meanings to words.

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LIONEL SHAPIRO:
THE SIXTH OF JUNE

Soldiers going into battle, he reflected, thought about death, but always in relation to the next fellow. It was just one of those stubborn miracles that resulted in *esprit de corps* for which the High Command took a ridiculous degree of credit.

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BERMUDA VACATION for exceptional children. Experienced management taking small group for January and February, can include one more boy under ten years. Mrs. R. Hulbert, Higganum, Conn.

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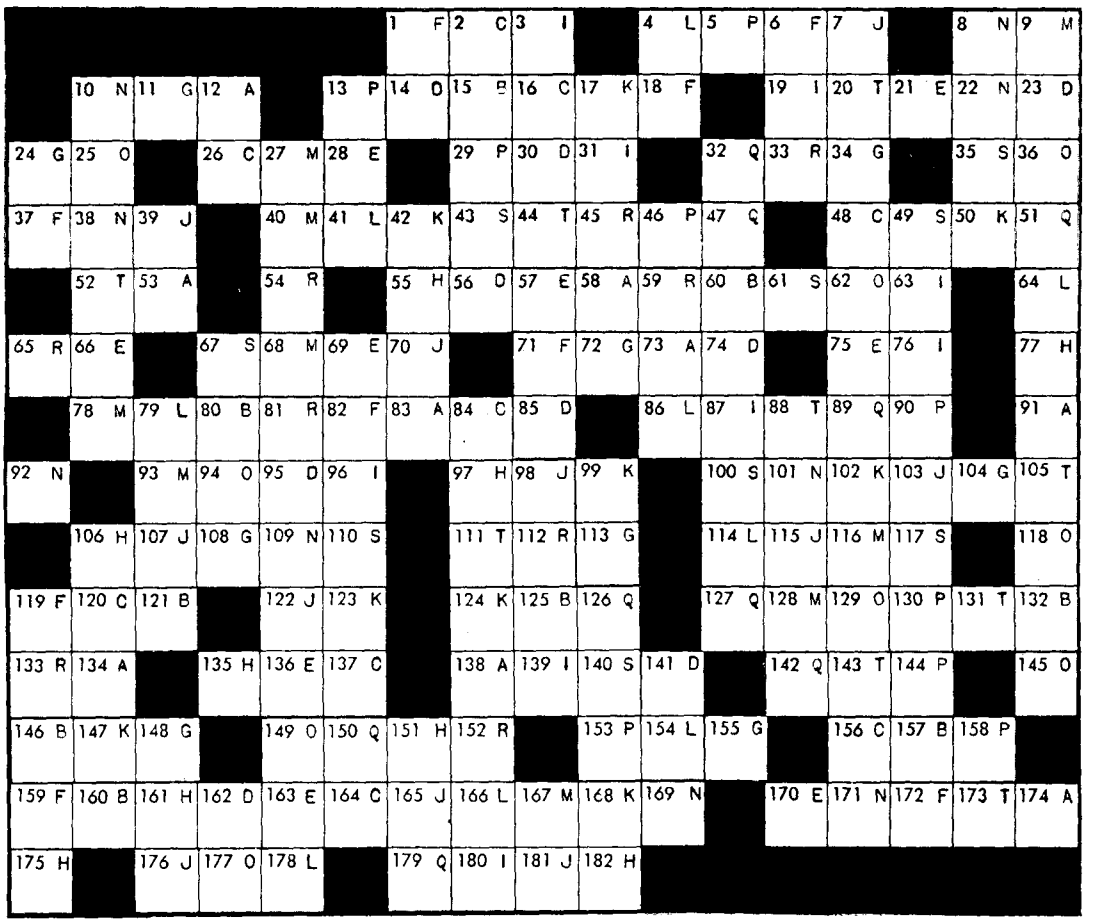
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1130

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
Pertaining to singing.	174 83 53 138 91 134 73 58 12
English colonial who created the "Manor of Scarsdale"; mayor of N.Y., 1711-13.	157 160 132 121 125 15 80 60 146
Pertaining to a legendary king of Britain and his followers.	120 137 156 26 2 164 16 48 84
An English form of the name of hero, opera "La Bohème."	30 56 85 14 74 162 23 95 141
Nautical command to let fall a sail, boat, etc. (2 wds.).	69 136 170 163 57 21 28 75 66
Originate, institute, or demonstrate something firmly fixed.	172 82 159 6 1 18 37 71 119
An improvised bed.	155 11 72 148 24 104 108 113 34
Distort the features, as a reaction or with some purpose (3 wds.).	161 97 106 182 151 135 77 55 173
Moment of crossing the imaginary finish line in horse racing (3 wds.).	180 3 76 139 31 19 87 96 63

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
J. Disposition to bear injuries patiently.	70 103 107 39 165 98 115 181 122 7 176
K. Cleaned, as by wiping.	17 102 123 124 147 168 42 50 99
L. Antiseptic solution for cleansing the teeth, etc.	86 41 178 166 79 4 154 64 114
M. Battled to a conclusive result (2 wds.).	9 27 167 116 93 40 128 68 78
N. Receiving poor relief from the community (3 wds.).	101 38 22 171 169 10 8 109 92
O. Popular song of World War I, about boating (3 wds.).	62 177 145 129 94 118 25 36 149
P. Lotions for the eyes.	158 144 130 153 29 13 5 46 90
Q. Fluted.	179 150 51 32 127 89 47 126 142
R. Driving weak speculators from the stock market by causing prices to move adversely (2 wds.).	59 133 45 54 65 33 112 81 152
S. Bucked by bringing shoulders to the ground and raising them, alternately; said of western U.S. broncos.	110 61 100 67 140 49 117 43 35
T. The "Tasmanian wolf."	44 111 105 88 143 131 52 173 20



DIRECTIONS

solve this puzzle you ...t guess twenty-odd ...ORDS, the definitions which are given in the ...umn headed DEFINI...ONS. Alongside each ...nition, there is a row ...dashes—one for each ...er in the required ...d. When you have ...ssed a word, write it ... the dashes, and also ...e each letter in the ...respondingly numbered ...are of the puzzle ...gram. . . . When the ...ares are all filled in, ... will find that you ...e completed a quota... from some published ...k. If read up and ...n, the letters in the ...gram have no mean... . . . Black squares ...icate ends of words; ...here is no black square ...the right side of the ...gram, the word carries ...r to the next line. . . . ...en all the WORDS ...filled in, their initial ...rs spell the name of ...author and the title ...the piece from which ...quotation has been ...n. Of great help to ...olver are this acrostic ...ure and the relative ...hes of words in the ...gram as they develop. ...hority for spellings ... definitions is Web...'s New International ...tionary, Second Edi...

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 53 of this issue.

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You have to see it to believe it!

FLASH-MATIC TUNING by ZENITH®

You can shoot off annoying commercials from across the room with a flash of magic light (no wires, no cords) . . . the picture remains on the screen while commercial is silent so you can tell when to turn on sound again.

The flash of magic light turns set on, turns set off or changes channels —and you remain in your easy chair.

Here is the most amazing television development since the invention of the picture tube—the ultimate in TV viewing comfort! And only Zenith has it! Just imagine! You can tune your Flash-Matic television set from clear across the room with a "magic" flash of light. Zenith Flash-Matic Tuning is *not* an accessory. It is a built-in part of several new 1956 Zenith television sets. *See it, try it at your Zenith dealer's.* And, while there, see the complete line of exciting new 1956 Zenith television sets.

The Touraine

Giant 24-inch screen, Flash-Matic Tuning, 20,000 volts of *picture power*, new Royal "X" Chassis, Cinébeam®, Ciné-Lens, Spotlite Dial, high fidelity sound system, phono-jack, removable protective glass. Also push-button tuning. Cabinet in grained blond oak color. Casters. Model X2674EQ, $525*.
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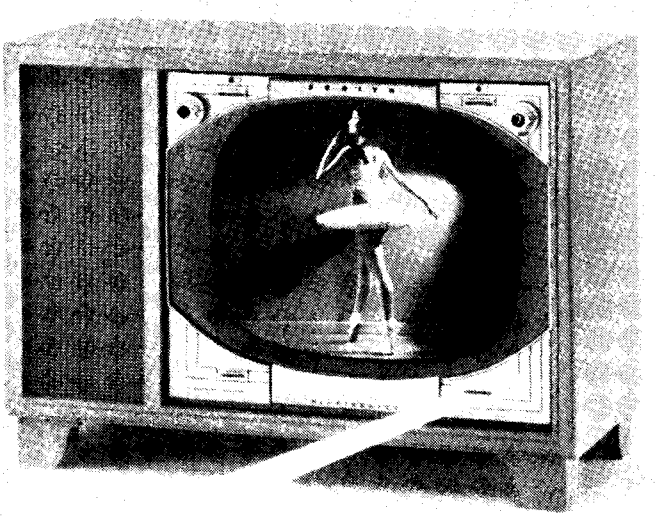

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